THE WAR OF PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION

COC June 25, 1959 25¢

Franco Builds a Tomb (page 17)

THE REPORTER

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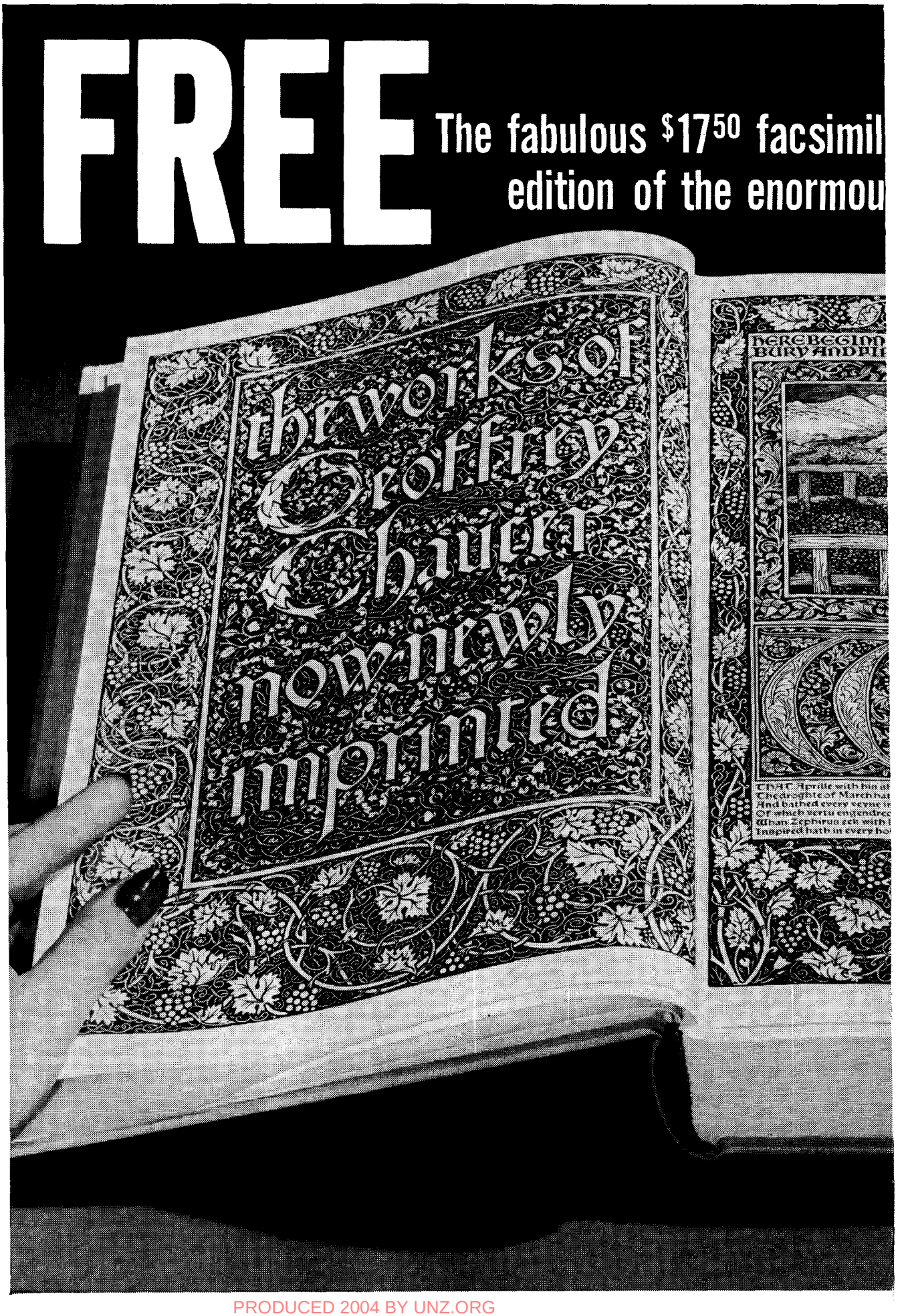

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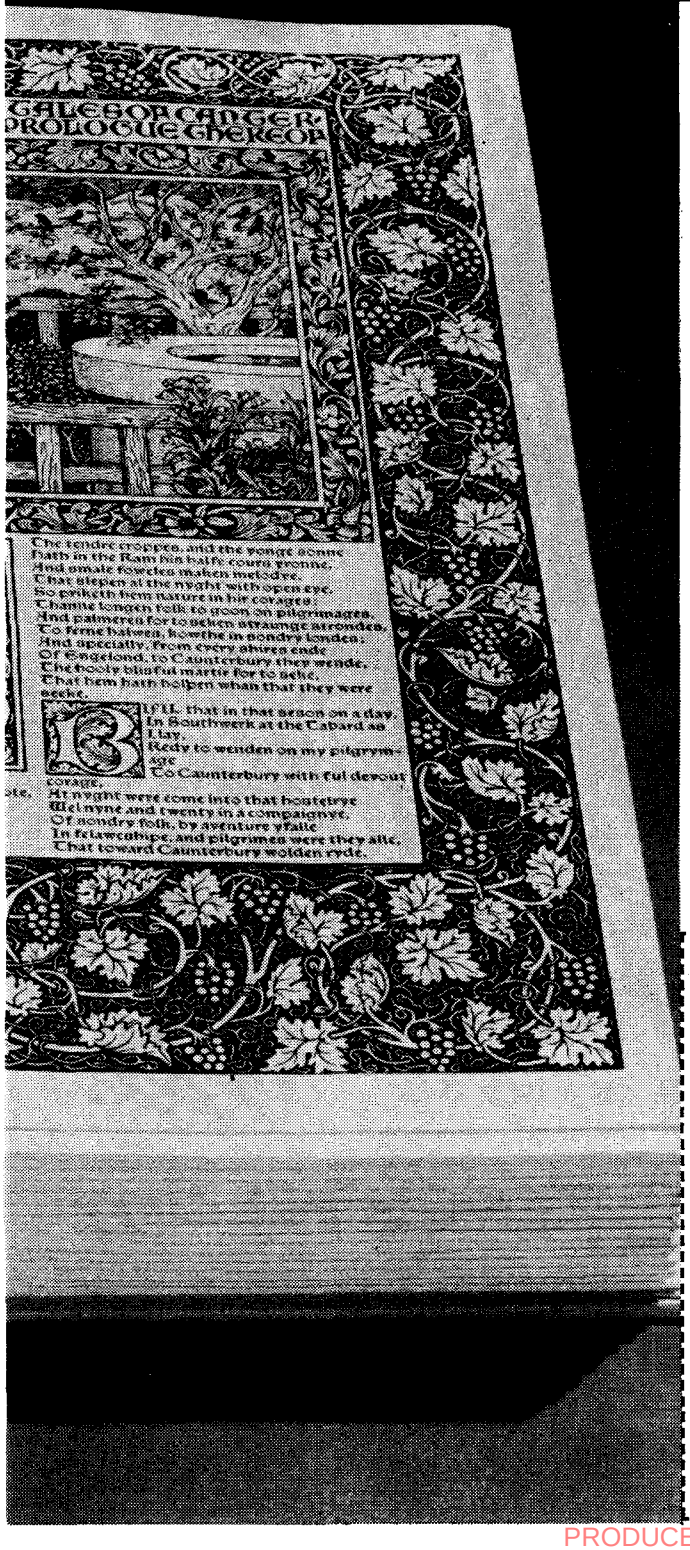
GALEOR CANCER
PROLOGUE THEREOF
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open eye
So pricketh hem nature in hir corages:
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, kouthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.
IFL, that in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Cabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrymage
To Canterbury with ful devout corage,
At nyght were come into that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawshipe, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ryde.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Case History

Shortly after the Weather Bureau began announcing the daily discomfort index, we came down with a clammy feeling just below and slightly to the left of the sternum. This being America, the land of the Free, rather than Socialist Britain or Communist Russia, medical assistance was no further away than the nearest telephone, and in less time than it takes to tell it we had made an appointment for ten days hence through the good offices of kindly old Dr. Balm's cheerful and courteous nurse, Miss Placebo. (Those aren't their real names; we made them up in order to safeguard the privacy of our professional relationship.) We arrived on the dot of eleven for the ten-thirty appointment, looking forward to a pleasant half hour of browsing through the complete file of 1937 *Reader's Digests* kindly old Dr. Balm keeps in his waiting room, but our attention was distracted by a more recent copy of the New York *Times* in which someone had underlined the following paragraph from President Eisenhower's speech to the American Medical Association at Atlantic City earlier this month:

So I believe that, as you show us how better to preserve our own health, you can do a great service to yourselves, and to the nation, as you teach that the future of our republic and the free world depends upon our ability to maintain fiscal soundness in government, a robust economy, and a stable dollar.

We have quoted the entire paragraph because we somehow suspect that it may help to explain what happened when we were finally admitted to kindly old Dr. Balm's examining room. Kindly old Dr. Balm invited us to disrobe and then spent a few minutes pulling the corners of his mustache and saying "Hmm" as he looked over our records. What he read seemed to satisfy him. "I see you paid your last bill promptly," he said with a healing smile. "Regularity is no less important to the maintenance of a healthy body than it is to the preservation of a healthy economy."

"You wouldn't exactly call it a pain, Doctor," we began, pointing to our bare chest. "It's more like somebody was holding a cold dime against our ribs. You suppose anything's wrong with the old ticker?"

"Ah, yes, the heart," beamed kindly old Dr. Balm. "The heart may be likened to the heavy industry of the biological economy. If the heart is functioning at peak capacity and getting what it wants, the entire system is prosperous. What's good for the heart is good for the fingers and toes."

"Been putting on a little weight recently, Doctor," we confessed. "Do you think that might . . .?"

"Creeping obesity, like inflation, is one of the great problems of our day," intoned kindly old Dr. Balm. "It must be fought at the dining table as it is fought at the bargaining table. Like any other work force, the body naturally needs and deserves its just recompense, but self-indulgence and greed lead inevitably to a dangerous food-energy spiral. What's more, soft food, like soft currency, produces a loss of initiative among the higher faculties. 'In this sense,' as President Eisenhower reminded us at Atlantic City, 'the relationship between the balanced diet and the balanced budget is easily understood.' "

The clammy feeling in our chest had expanded to the size of a silver dollar, but kindly old Dr. Balm made no move toward either his stethoscope or his sphygmomanometer, and we realized that the visit was at an end when he pushed back his chair and said, "As to my fee, by all means feel perfectly free to discuss it with me frankly. That's the way we do things in what President Eisenhower has called 'a climate of freedom.' For example, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if what you're thinking right now is that ten dollars is a lot to pay for these ten minutes of my time. But let me ask you to consider the years and years of training I had to struggle for in order to prepare myself for these ten minutes. Medical school was bad enough, but think of all the studying I still have to do every evening after the last patient has left so that I can keep up with the latest findings of great scientists like Malthus, Ricardo, Adam Smith."

Kindly old Dr. Balm beamed brighter than ever as our pen scratched hastily across the checkbook. Still tucking in our shirt on the way out, we nodded vigorously to cheerful and courteous Miss Placebo, secure in the knowledge that we were as sound as a dollar.

L*DY CH*TT*RL*Y

The Lady too assailable
Is henceforth unavailable.
How come? A Mr. Summerfield
Has made the girl unmailable.

—SEC

The Battle of the Books

In one of the more celebrated incidents of the season, a children's book has been withdrawn from the open shelves in an Alabama public library because it ended happily with the wedding of a little white bunny to a little black one. (Would you want *your* sister to marry a rabbit?) A case such as this always inspires a flurry of righteous indignation, as well it might. Such indignation, unfortunately, tends to stop short of any general consideration of what books go into the making of a public library, and how.

A study just completed by the University of California School of Librarianship throws some light on this subject—and a rather odd light

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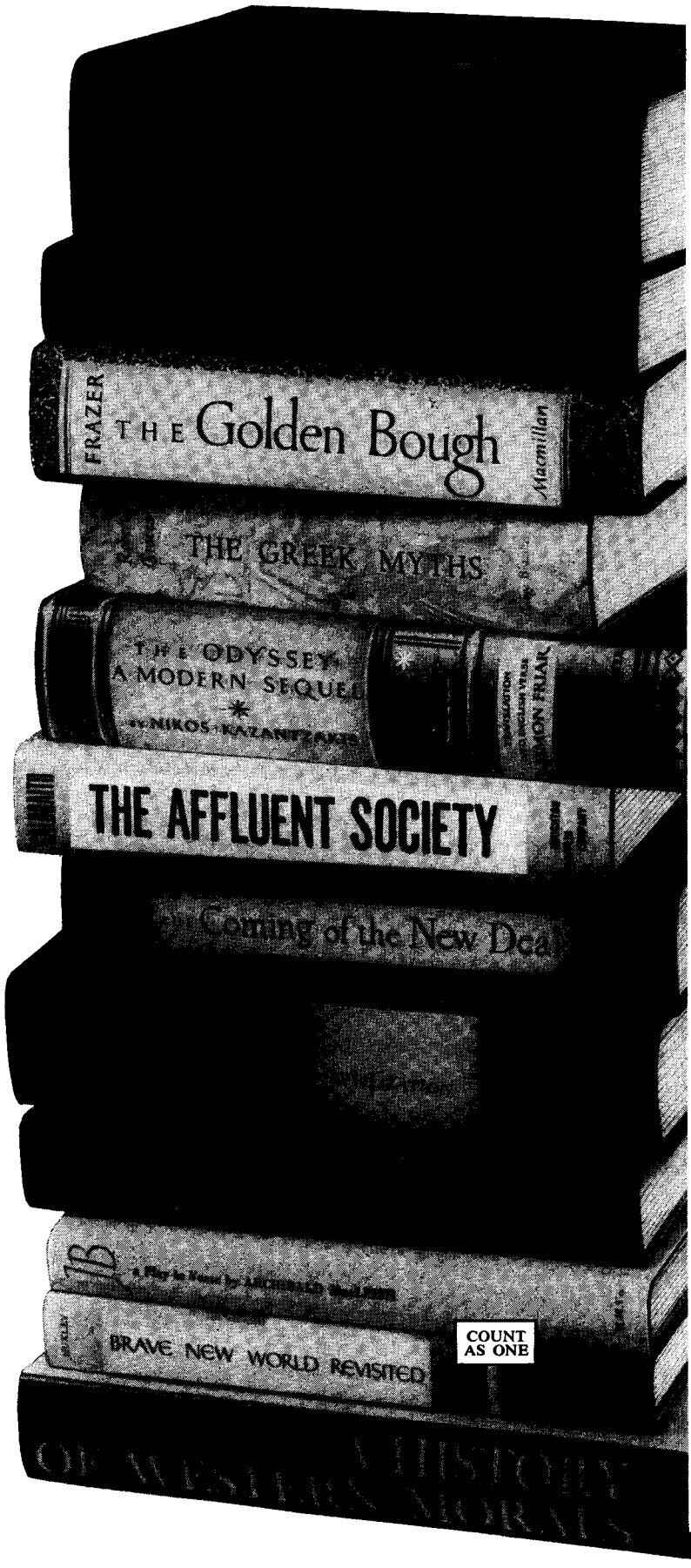

Here are some of the books the BOOK FIND CLUB has offered its members in recent months. As you can see they are all books you really want to read and to keep for your permanent library. It is selections such as these that have earned the BOOK FIND CLUB its reputation for "the best in books" on the best of terms.

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- ☐ **The Golden Bough.** A one-volume 800-page edition of Sir James Frazer's classic — one of the 20th century's most influential books — *edited by Sir James himself. Pub. at $3.95.* **Member's Price $3.25.**
- ☐ **The Greek Myths.** By Robert Graves. An 800-page mythology of the Greek Gods and Heroes retold in light of modern archaeology by a master of English prose. *Pub. at $5.00.* **Member's Price $3.75.**
- ☐ **The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel.** By Nikos Kazantzakis. A monumental continuation of the journey of Odysseus from where Homer left off. *Pub. at $10.00.* **Member's Price $5.95.**
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- ☐ **J. B.** Archibald MacLeish's Pulitzer Prize-winning verse drama based on the myth of Job, *and*

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it is. Despite the fact that only a tiny percentage of the librarians interviewed thought that "controversiality" should be a factor in book selection, about a fifth of them reported that they always avoided purchasing "controversial" books. They tend to give that term, moreover, a generously enlarged meaning; among the authors regarded as "controversial" are Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Pearl Buck, and Margaret Mitchell. More than two-thirds of the librarians admitted that in many cases they refrained from acquiring a book if they thought its author might become "controversial" at some *future* time.

One California librarian firmly asserted that she is so utterly opposed to censorship that "When someone complains about a book in our library, I just put the book aside in a locked room. Right now, we have two thousand books locked away like that."

The strangest discovery of the study is that these librarians have not been under much pressure. In California, despite McCarthyism and the crackpot campaign in Los Angeles' schools against anything having to do with the United Nations, there have been only eight such instances of outside political coercion reported since the early 1930's—and in only two of these eight were the librarians forced to give way. Yet some librarians seem to imagine themselves constantly beleaguered, to an extent where they will surrender in advance to a fancied threat.

The explanation for this self-frightening habit of mind seems to be, according to the study, that public librarians are so woefully underpaid, are accorded so little support, encouragement, and respect by even the most civic-minded people, that they have little sense of professional pride and not much more sense of professional solidarity. They therefore are only too ready to become victims even before they are victimized.

O where are the librarians of yesteryear? They were formidable beings, with the dignity of a sovereign in their little domain, held in awe by children and parents alike (the naked terror of an overdue book!), almost overbearing in their authority—frightening, really, and never, never frightened. Perhaps it is just as well they are gone—they really wouldn't be at home in an era of "other-directed," controversy-avoiding book borrowers.

These Things Were Said

Will you Be Able To
AFFORD
An Ambassadorship?
DO YOU HAVE
RESOURCES TO MEET
EMERGENCIES?
SAVE NOW
Buy U.S. Savings Bonds
Regularly
—*Advertisement in the Foreign Service Journal.*

¶ Mr. Dulles was a gallant man; but if he had died of drink, rather than of cancer, we would not honor him less: for his distinctive public achievement was to be active in a weary world, to stand up against the empty, fatigued, jaded relativism of the revolted masses. He declared, simply, that the West would be free, or would die; and that if his policy left him looking like Billy Graham at the Institute for Advanced Studies, that was the way it would have to be.—*Advertisement in this issue of The Reporter, page 45, for the National Review.*

¶ What many a woman could use to better advantage right now would be some well-documented research findings on preparing the children's daddy for his first season of summer bachelorhood. . . . Make up multiple copies of a stock shopping list to cover menus developed as above. Provide one copy for each week the family will be away. One can be left at the grocer's every Friday morning, the order to be delivered or picked up by Dad on his way home from work that night. This will give Dad something to do on Friday evening, currently rivaling Saturday as most dangerous night of the week. Also, to brighten this difficult few hours and as a sign of affection from afar, slip an unexpected goodie into every second list—twelve cans of beer, a tube of anchovy paste, several packages of chocolate-covered graham crackers, whatever mother knows for sure spells "fun" for Dad. . . . Be sure the television set is in *tip-top condition. Dot the living* room with new, brightly jacketed books. These should be exciting enough to challenge — but not overstimulate — Dad's imagination. Wholesome excitement is best found in stories of Arctic exploration, naval history and the like. To cover those evenings or week-end afternoons when Dad may wish to venture out of the house, it might be well to tape in a conspicuous spot the telephone number of the local movie house and advertisements of carefully investigated gymnasiums and swimming pools, preferably those catering to an all-male clientele.—*Article on the woman's page of the New York Times.*

¶ Diplomatic Row, in the Nation's Capital, feels some reassurance about Vice-President Nixon's scheduled trip to Moscow this summer. . . . Nixon—they learn—will not (like Senator Humphrey) just get an interview with Khrushchev. Instead, he will, in effect, grant Khrushchev an "interview" and he will give the Soviet dictator some blunt, straight talk.—*Human Events.*

WORLD REFUGEE YEAR

They are all the same, these people, no matter where
They flee, no matter what
Set them to shuffling with their last few things
On the roads of the world. A powerful lens would show
These clots and clusters of the lost, these scribbles moving
Across the invisible lines that separate
One nation from the next, one day from another,
The known from the not yet known. They are all the same,
These people; stirring the conscience for a while,
And shame, and then
Nothing.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

COUSINS IN MEDIOCRITY?

To the Editors: Charles Curran ("The Old Order Cometh," *The Reporter,* May 28) labors long and entertainingly to bring forth a picture of general and widespread mediocrity [in Britain]. But it is a mediocrity just as characteristic of the Affluent Society as of what Mr. Curran calls the "welfare state." It is probably not the product of either exclusively, but of an indescribable "drift" that seems to have gotten us.

REV. CORRELL M. JULIAN, D.D.
Exeter Methodist Church
Exeter, California

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

To the Editors: A. A. Berle, Jr.'s, "Latin America: The Hidden Revolution" (*The Reporter,* May 28) is a most interesting and informative article. His subject is very topical and his conclusions are undoubtedly based on a wide knowledge and an extensive study of the matter.

CESAR BARROS HURTADO
Ambassador of Argentina
Washington

To the Editors: I have seen many slanderous and tendentious statements about the government of Nicaragua but none like those made by Mr. Berle when he brands President Luis Somoza as a dictator and assures that the late General Somoza fought side by side with the Communists supporting the former President of Costa Rica, Rafael Angel Calderón Guardia, against José Figueres.

In the first instance it is out of question that President Luis Somoza is a true democrat. Nicaragua enjoys all sorts of liberties and the freedom of press is to such an extent that I can say proudly is second to none. . . .

As to the second statement, General Somoza was called the Latin-American hero of the fight against Communism. He lost his own life because of his exhaustive struggle against Red doctrines and his help to upset the Arbenz Communist régime in Guatemala. . . .

More than a survey about the situation of Latin America, Mr. Berle's article is a panegyric about Mr. José Figueres, who I think has influenced the writer to assail General Somoza and the incumbent President of Nicaragua.

The sincere friendship of President Luis Somoza with the United States places him as a permanent target for Communism. One thing is sure. He will never talk about neutrality if the United States were involved in a war. . . .

GUILLERMO LANC
Consul General of Nicaragua
New York

To the Editors: Mr. Berle's article is an excellent résumé strictly adjusted to the true political situation in Latin America at the present time.

With regard to Colombia, my country, there is a mistake. Mr. Berle states that Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo, today President of Colombia, was ambassador in Washington, when actually he was secretary general of the Pan American Union for six years.

My sincere congratulations to Mr. Berle for his article.

ERNESTO CARO TANCO
Consul General of Colombia
New York

Mr. Berle replies:
So far as President Alberto Lleras Camargo is concerned, it is, of course, true that he was Director General of the Pan American Union for six years. But prior to that he was Colombian Ambassador to the United States in 1943, during which time he was frequently at my house in Washington. It is a pleasure to be in a controversy in which both sides are right.

MANNES VS. WILLIAMS

To the Editors: Marya Mannes ("High and Wide in Boulder, Colorado," *The Reporter,* May 14) writes amusingly and well about the Conference on World Affairs at the University of Colorado. Her presence contributed greatly to the success of the conference. However, I think Miss Mannes is a bit severe in her remarks about Mr. Franklin Williams [the secretary-counsel of the N.A.A.C.P. in California] on the "Brave New World Revisited" panel.

Mr. Williams did *not* give an unqualified verbal embrace to everything from all of television to two longer, wider, brighter pink cars in every garage, nor did he condone conformity. He stated simply that he was happy that so many people can now afford to own their own houses, cars, appliances, etc., and that one reason they can lies in the extension of their credit system. Mr. Williams said that he was more than content to see less physical squalor. He did not approve the graceless design of the new suburbs made possible by modern financing or the irresponsibility in this regard of the public and private agencies involved. He did not, in short, justify tasteless enjoyment of the new abundance.

MRS. PIERCE BUTLER, III
St. Paul, Minnesota

To the Editors: As one who has a particular soft spot for the Boulder conference, I can't help but send a note thanking Miss Mannes and *The Reporter* for that good article.

ED WOLFF, Editorial Page
The Denver *Post*

To the Editors: Miss Mannes is a very bright woman; therefore, what she says must be true.

The one factual error in the article referring to the World Affairs Committee we propose to correct by conforming to her description rather than have her description change to conform with our behavior.

HOWARD HIGMAN, Chairman
Conference on World Affairs
University of Colorado
Boulder

To the Editors: Either Miss Mannes was so emotionally involved at Colorado when speaking on "Segregation in the North" and "Brave New World Revisited" that she imagined hearing things, or she is guilty of deliberately misstating my position.

Miss Mannes's thesis that "no Negro leaders . . . assumed any responsibility whatever for the circumstances and manner in which their people lived . . ." was so patently false or reflected such little contact with Negro leaders or knowledge of the so-called Negro community as to disqualify her as an "expert" on the subject.

Her reference to my views on the panel "Brave New World Revisited" was far from accurate. Obviously space does not permit their full exposition here. Fortunately, several hundred concerned and objective listeners were present who I am hopeful listened with less bias and got the point Miss Mannes apparently missed.

Your author who "grew rather tired" of discussions of "conformity" was primarily responsible for limiting most of the panels on which she participated to this subject, to a degree where I and many others became equally "tired."

FRANKLIN H. WILLIAMS
San Francisco

PROFILE

To the Editors: Robert Bingham's parody of a *New Yorker* profile is the funniest thing I've read since the *New Yorker's* parody of *Time* magazine. Bingham, I notice, is not identified on your authors' page, which leads me to believe it is a pseudonym. Has Max Ascoli or some such other serious person taken to writing humor?

BOB ROSENSTONE
Los Angeles

(Now that the question has been brought into the open, we confess that "Robert Bingham" is not the pseudonym of our Editor-in-Chief but a name sometimes used by our Managing Editor.)

MAKING BOOK ON A MILLION

To the Editors: It appears from John Hess's review ("You Too Can Be a Landlord," *The Reporter,* June 11) that William Nickerson's book, *How I Turned $1,000 Into a Million in Real Estate,* fails to mention one important step in the latter-day Horatio Alger process. That is, writing a book about how to turn $1,000 into a million and selling it for five dollars a clip.

KENNETH D. RAINEY
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

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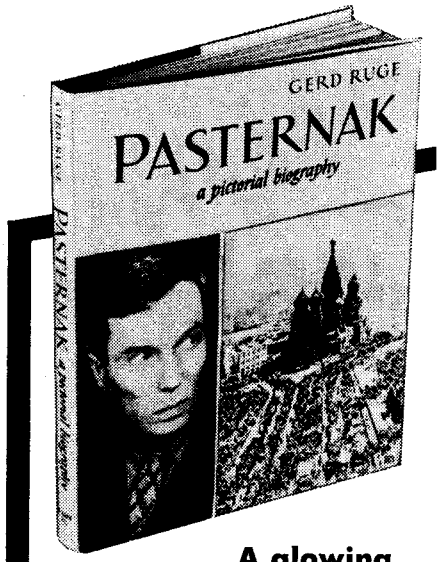

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McGRAW-HILL

I'm walking on air...

Just had my annual medical checkup. (Smart move.) I'm making out a check to the American Cancer Society, right now—that's a smart move, too.

Guard your family! Fight cancer with a checkup and a check!

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE PRESIDENT has already started the second half of his second term of office. By now he should be suffering all the handicaps of a lame-duck President because of the anti-third-term Amendment; his impact on the American scene should now be fading away. But, in fact, it is not. **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial that this may be the result of the enormously increased power of the Presidency—a power that has irreparably upset the balance between the three branches of the government which the makers of the Constitution sought to establish. **Sidney Hyman,** whose authority on the Presidency has been established by his widely respected book, *The American President*, explains how strong is the influence of this not too strong President on Congress, and particularly on the opposition party. **Douglass Cater,** our Washington Editor, describes how the institution of the Presidency—of the White House—has been reorganized under Eisenhower. Maybe history will decide that President Eisenhower has accomplished less than was expected of him but more than his contemporaries gave him credit for.

THERE IS a sense of anticipation in Spain today. The twenty-year interregnum of Generalissimo Franco is nearing its end, as Franco himself seems to be aware. How otherwise explain the vigor with which he has rushed to completion his monument, *el Valle de los Caídos*, the Valley of the Fallen? **François Bondy** has visited this monument and has also taken the opportunity to sound out Spanish opinion in various cities and various circles. M. Bondy is the editor of the French monthly *Preuves*. He has traveled in Spain regularly during these last years and has an intimate acquaintance with the country. . . . **P. H. Crane** (a pseudonym) has recently returned from a tour of the Middle East, where he interviewed several top-ranking diplomats and politicians. . . . **Representative Stewart L. Udall** (D., Arizona) takes up once again the theme of our national education policy, or rather our lack of it, which was explored by Daniel P. Moynihan in our issue of June 11 ("A Second Look at the School Panic"). Mr. Udall goes on to make some specific suggestions which are worthy of a consideration they are not likely to get during the present session of Congress. . . . **Fawn M. Brodie** is the author of *No Man Knows My History*, a life of Joseph Smith, and of a forthcoming biography of Thaddeus Stevens. . . . **Edward Hymoff** is director of News and Special Events for radio station WMGM in New York. He spent three months on the West Coast on special assignment for CBS News, doing a survey of the missile and missile-bases situation.

Rabbi Joseph R. Rosenbloom is spiritual leader of the Temple Adath Israel in Lexington, Kentucky, teaches ancient languages at the University of Kentucky, and is one of three part-time chaplains at the United States Public Health Service Hospital (for drug addicts) in Lexington. Geographical and biographical data in his article have been juggled somewhat, in order not to reveal the true identities of the characters. . . . **John Peck** has served during the past three years with distinction as director general of the British Information Services in New York, a post he has just left to become Her Majesty's Consul-General and United Kingdom Permanent Representative to the Council of Europe at Strasbourg. His article is adapted from a talk given at an Oxford-Cambridge dinner held in New York. . . . **Jay Jacobs** continues his stint as our regular movie reviewer. . . . **Maurice Schonfeld** is connected with a large newsfilm syndicate in New York. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is now the editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Alfred Kazin** is a regular contributor to our Views and Reviews Section. . . . **William Letwin** is Associate Professor of Industrial History at M.I.T. . . . **Joseph Kraft,** currently a free-lance writer, was formerly with the Washington *Post* and then with the New York *Times*. . . . Our cover, which depicts a religious procession in a Spanish town, is by **Benjamin Einhorn.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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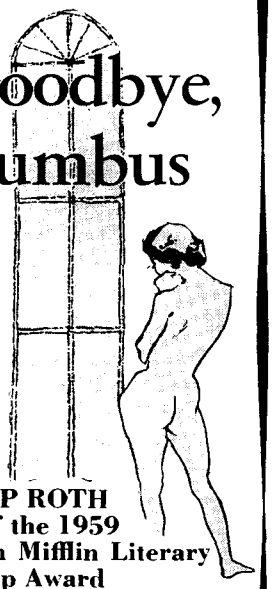

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Our Modest Politicians

We have it from the President now: Our Constitution can well stand some basic changes. "Strangely enough," he said recently, "this is one thing that, when we had a leisurely hour, that Secretary Dulles and I often talked about." True, the speculations on the part of the President and Secretary Dulles as to whether "we could incorporate into our system some of the features of the parliamentary system" never descended from a lofty, theoretical realm. But certainly it is good to know that even a man like Mr. Eisenhower, not overinclined to theorizing, has realized how radically changed is the relationship between the Executive and the Legislative. With Congress controlled by one party and the Presidency by another, a far more significant fact has become obvious: these two branches of the Federal government can be called coequal only in the most formal, empty sense.

There were times when the pendulum used to swing from Presidential to Congressional government, back and forth. These times are over. The paramount power now belongs to the Executive, irrespective of who is President.

As long as America had no other business than to take care of itself, the nation could well afford a government of limited powers, divided into three coequal branches. One counterbalanced the other, and the Federal government itself was balanced and restrained by an immensely complex system of state and local self-government.

The same self-balancing virtue was attributed to the nation's economy, which kept thriving and growing through its own cycles of boom and bust. The belief that power is endowed with self-balancing virtues and necessarily engenders correctives for its abuses is deeply ingrained in the conservative as well as in the liberal mind. Lately, this virtue was discovered to be inherent in Big Business and in Big Labor, whose unfailing propensity to find their own restraints in internal and reciprocal balance has been hailed as countervailing power.

Perhaps the symbol of America's deepest belief is the scales of the balance: when they are even, or not too uneven, we know things are right. In a recent homily the President exalted the virtue of a balanced diet and a balanced budget. He happens, however, to represent our nation's most unbalanced power.

The international burdens our country has been saddled with are mainly responsible for the gigantic increase in the power of the Executive—and of the Chief Executive. For only the President and the men closest to him have the privilege and the harassment of knowing the basic, ultimate facts about the strength of our nation and that of our potential enemies. Of course Congress still has the prerogative of random checking on the way our country's material resources and prestige are spent. But Congress cannot possibly have the detailed knowledge of strategic and diplomatic affairs that is the privilege of the Executive, and Congress cannot offer to the outside world an embodiment of the national will. There is already enough of a committee or corporate character in the way the Presidency is being run right now.

There are going to be summit meetings, and only the President can go to the summit. There, he will meet with men whose authority is practically limitless, or at any rate unchecked by constitutional restraints. In our country we have been lucky enough to maintain a distinction between the Presidency and the President, the institution and its embodiment.

The time will undoubtedly come when the strong power of the President will be fully used by a strong President. Indeed, we need such a man—and for 1960. How can we manage to find him?

And here comes one of the most extraordinary of American peculiarities—one that no constitutional reform can affect. Government, business, labor have reached Pantagruelic bigness, and all three, we are assured, are balancing and countervailing each other. Actually, it has been very much like the closing of the frontier: some sectors of our national life have been reorganized according to the scale of bigness; others have come too late and are out of luck. Who is in, is in; for the others, there is standing room only, or no room at all.

In the realm of education, for instance, anarchic pluralism still runs riot. That brave and brilliant man, Admiral Rickover, certainly has found out by now that the establishment of nation-wide standards of education is incomparably harder to accomplish than supplying the U.S. Navy with atomic submarines.

But the realm where bigness has been most deliberately shunned is politics. Politicians are modest folk. In fact, they impose their modesty on the candidates for the Presidential nomination, who, to prove their fitness, are made to run for local office in every county in the United States.

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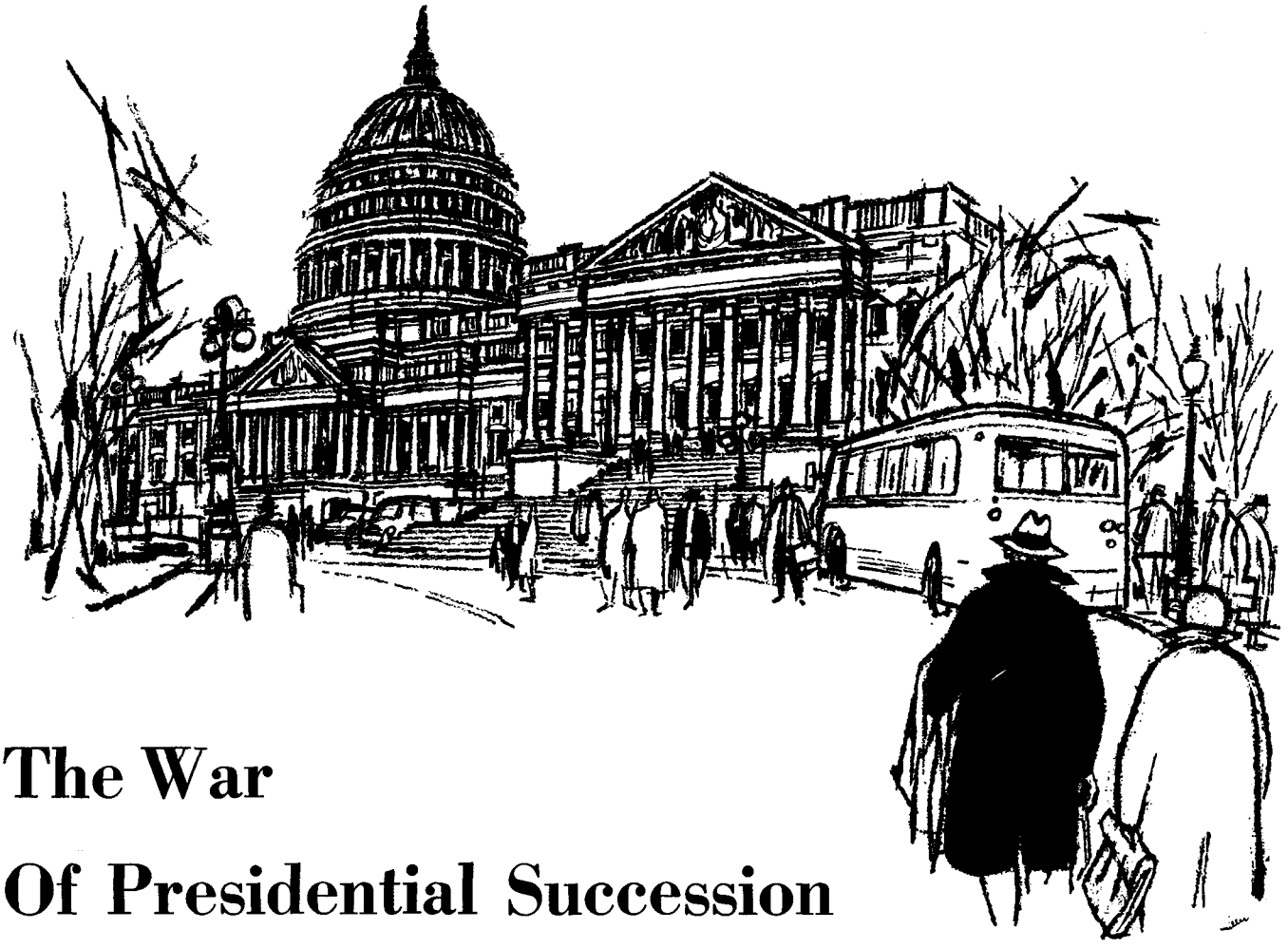

The War Of Presidential Succession

SIDNEY HYMAN

THE MAIN NOVELTIES of the current War of Presidential Succession are definitely not those which have been most widely discussed. For example, it is not particularly unusual that so many of the chief contenders for Presidential nominations are connected with the United States Senate. It is true that so far in the twentieth century, Warren G. Harding has been the only senator who actually won a Presidential nomination. But it is also true that in this same century the party nominating process has often resolved itself into contests between men who have made their careers at the seat of the Federal government—be they senators, Cabinet officers, or Vice-Presidents—and those who have made their career in governors' mansions.

Again, it is not exceptional that most Republicans and Democrats in Washington do not exude at every pore the inner heat of passionate commitment to a politics of principles and causes. A few always do. But to the resident body of Washington professionals, things done or not done are good or bad depending on whether they actually succeed in gaining the objective toward which they were directed. Skill in political manipulation therefore counts more heavily than anything else with them. They admire it in a bipartisan, almost disinterested way even when the craftsmanship shown makes them its victim.

Finally, it is not at all surprising that the Democrats in particular have no single candidate for the Presidential nomination who towers above the rest. As in times past, so now, it is in the interest of many forces in the party to prevent anyone from pre-empting the nomination in a pre-convention rush. It is in their interest to keep the issue in doubt so that an increasingly stiff price for support can be extracted from the eventual victor.

What follows then is the process by which all the leading candidates for the nomination—John Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson, Adlai Stevenson, and Stuart Symington—are all debunked and planed down to what seems a dead level of mediocrity. All of them are denied whatever credit they may deserve for moral strength and intellectual grasp. Such praise as comes their way is to the effect that they are nice enough party ornaments but far too brittle to support the pressures of a Presidential campaign, let alone the Presidency itself.

In this connection, it is worth recalling what was said about Franklin D. Roosevelt on the eve of the 1932 Democratic convention. Many of those who knew him in his natural face and heard him in his natural voice thought that he was certainly

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no better than his rivals for the Democratic nomination—John Nance Garner, Albert C. Ritchie, Newton Baker, and Al Smith. The change came at the moment when he won the party contest. Suddenly, he was invested with "the face of a President."

How Does He Do It?

What, then, are the unusual and unprecedented elements in the 1960 Presidential contest? One is certainly the way an outgoing President has been allowed to choose both the field and the weapons to be used in the battle.

The same state of affairs four years ago merited no special reflection. At the time, there was some speculation about whether Mr. Eisenhower wanted to continue in the White House. But it was clearly understood all along—even after his two illnesses—that the instant he declared his availability for a second term, he would be renominated and re-elected. This knowledge inevitably gave a certain continuing obscure majesty to his person and to the power of his Presidency.

Today, his Presidential tenure is nearing the automatic cutoff point decreed by the Twenty-second Amendment to the Constitution. One might suppose that his personal preferences would seem as irrelevant and tedious as the stale tales of a pensioner uncle; that the nation's thoughts would be absorbed by speculation on the identity of the Presidential heir. Nothing of the sort has happened. Instead, Mr. Eisenhower is at one of the high points of his personal prestige in the White House.

The Republicans still carry his name before them, like the mutinous children of Israel bearing the Ark of the covenant into battle. And the Democrats, for their part, perform in his presence like one of those Swiss clocks from which lifeless figures pop out, pirouette, and then retire behind the shutters until the hour again strikes for a repetition of the mummery.

Some weeks ago, for example, Senator Stuart Symington tried to initiate a long-delayed full-scale debate over the administration's strategic military policy. All President Eisenhower had to do was to invoke the memory of his own military judgment as the D-Day commander—and the debate ended in a strangled gurgle. And just the other day, despite the Democratic outcry about the need for more conventional forces to handle possible Soviet probing actions, the House of Representatives approved the administration's defense budget with its implicit provisions for a cut of thirty thousand men from our conventional forces.

ONE COULD ACCOUNT for Mr. Eisenhower's continuing authority if from the very start of his Presidency he had vigorously taken his place at the head of the column in order to make the nation follow his own pace and route. This sort of leadership over the years might have sustained him until the very end of his tenure. Yet the most distinctive aspect of his Presidency has been his systematic refusal to assert positive leadership. Indeed, the contagion of mood any President spreads has seemed in Mr. Eisenhower's case to foster a sense that Presidential power itself is inherently sinful; that it is legitimate only when it is used to stop things from moving, and that to use it to start new things moving is to unchain nameless evils.

And yet at the very hour when the Congressional Democrats have every reason and motive to pick their own ground for the 1960 battle and to make the Republicans fight on it, the unused power of the Presidency has been enough to stop them. To be sure, the Democrats have been adept at winning Congresses and at amassing on Capitol Hill an imposing array of provincial interests. In this sense, their order of battle is that of a frontier militia, enlisted at a dollar a day for a thirty-day action against some local raiders or rustlers. But that order of battle is not good enough for the complex, transcontinental war that Presidential politics demands. Indeed, it is so little suited for a war in which a national prize is to be won that the Democrats, despite their flying flags and stirring music, are now floundering in a political ambush.

If their handling of the 1960 Federal budget stands as the proof of the matter, it is because the budget is the only place where the far-flung operations of the national government come into focus. It is at one and the same time the comprehensive source and the comprehensive statement of all the leading domestic and foreign issues that are worth bringing into debate. And in this view of the case, we find President Eisenhower winning the budget fight—and hence the political battle—at almost every main point that has been contested.

In January of this year, he launched the fight over the budget by saying that it was a contest between the savers (Republican—good guys) and the spenders (Democratic—bad guys). This simplistic view hid the real issue, namely, the choice between a slow and a rapid rate of growth. Yet the Democrats accepted the President's terms of battle, with only one amendment. They would make it out that the Democrats were the real savers (good guys) and that the Republicans were the real spenders (bad guys).

Initially, to be sure, the Congressional Democrats said that the President's budget, with its built-in illusions of balance, was a phony. But then they set out to prove that they had cut former Eisenhower budgets below his requests, and presumably would do so again. While they proceeded to talk about a great program suited to a growing America with increasingly heavy domestic and foreign obligations to discharge, they failed to provide any added tax revenues for the proposed expansion. But since this omission would mean a more heavily unbalanced budget—when a balanced one was their avowed ideal—they again reversed themselves. This time around, they proceeded to cut the President's own budgeted programs; and when last seen, they were proudly displaying a collection of bleeding stumps in proof of their political virtue. A few Democrats, such as Senators Clark and Fulbright, had the courage to suggest the need for both higher taxes and higher expenditures, but those who agreed with them in principle could not agree on the specific places for emphasis.

WHETHER VIEWED from near or far, the national policy that emerges amid the marching and countermarching of the Democrats remains

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a thing of mystery. No wonder the nation still clings to the Eisenhower Presidency, whose policy, although negative, is at least consistent. Who wouldn't prefer a known "No" whose boundaries have been explored to a celestial "maybe"?

The Separation of Powers

It may well be that Dwight Eisenhower is one of the great masters of the art of personal political survival. From the outset, he seems to have struck a perfect balance between what was to be lost or gained if he appeared to be visibly in charge of his own administration as against what was to be lost or gained if he seemed visibly to be far removed from any direct involvement in the day-to-day work of the Presidency.

He may even have concluded that being accused of not being in charge of his own administration was a small price to pay if the gain was a personal immunity in the event anything went wrong. On the theory that he was not in charge, the opposition would waste its fire on a host of secondary targets—men like George Humphrey, Charles Wilson, and various directors of the Bureau of the Budget, who would appear to be making the critical decisions that in fact originated with the President. In consequence, they would absorb the opposition's attack—and if necessary, would fall before it like expendable field commanders. But from the President's point of view the gain would be his continued residence in a privileged sanctuary where he could exercise power but be absolved from responsibility for any unfortunate consequences of what his agents alone seemed to do.

Everything conspired to this end—the mystique of a hero in the White House, and his two illnesses. It has all produced an attractive arrangement by which power and responsibility do not meet in one place but are kept separate. In any case, rarely if ever in modern times has a President been so successful in turning the appearance of personal inertia to his own advantage. The proof lies in the fact that though he is not a candidate for the Presidency in 1960, he has so overawed the Democrats in Congress that they continue to bow low before him—even if that means bowing themselves out of the 1960 Presidential race.

WE MAY BE WITNESSING such a profound shift in the division of Congressional and Presidential power that in the future any Presidential incumbent, no matter how strong or weak he is, can prevail in a test of wills. More specifically, so many crises and emergencies, both domestic and foreign, have forced so many functions upon the Presidency that Congress, built along local and sectional lines, may have been permanently reduced to a place of secondary importance in our scheme of government. It can still fight and win local engagements against the President, but it cannot fight him along the whole front of government operations, in their national and international dimension. It cannot do this for the simple reason that Congress no longer has any coherent vision of the battlefield as a whole. It scarcely matters any more whether the President is weak or strong. The office itself upholds his hands, like those of an aged Moses during the battle against the Amalekites.

Loneliest Job in a Crowded White House

DOUGLASS CATER

WE STILL TEND to think of the Presidency as the lonely place where a single leader, vested by the Constitution with *the* Executive power, hangs his various hats. In fact, over the past two decades the President's office has grown and grown and grown. It is now a bureaucracy on top of a bureaucracy.

As recently as the late 1930's, Presidential staffing was largely a makeshift affair—a couple of career clerks, assorted personnel borrowed from the old-line departments around town, and, of course, with the coming of the Franklin D. Roosevelt era, the well-known brain trusters who settled in the White House with or without formal status. In 1939, Congress recognized an appeal from the Brownlow Commission that the President needed help. Three secretaries along with six assistants—who were supposed to have a passion for anonymity—were provided for. And the Budget Bureau was moved over from Treasury into a newly created Executive Office of the President. But Congress was notably frugal about coming to the President's aid, not because of any clear-cut notions about individual leadership but because of an ingrained reluctance to give the President any instruments that might be used against Congress itself. When Roosevelt tacked the National Resources Planning Board onto his Executive Office, Congress simply cut off the funds: there was to be no long-range thinking around the place. It was quite impossible to keep an accurate head count of Presidential personnel during the Roosevelt era because of the various dodges that had to be employed to get around Congressional restrictions.

Anti-Bureaucratic Bureaucracy

Compare the situation today. The combined personnel of the White House and Executive Office number 2,730. In place of the six assistants, there are "the" assistant, three deputy assistants, two secretaries, three special counsels, three administrative assistants, nine special assistants *to* the President, four special assistants *in* the White House Office, several special consultants, and a sizable number of people bearing such titles

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as Assistant to the Deputy Assistant to the President. Each of the special assistants has his own staff, numbering up to ten. There are two Cabinets—the regular one and the National Security Council—that have their secretariats lodged in the President's office. An ever-changing number of agencies, advisory boards, committees, and commissions report directly to the President. Just last year the Federal Civil Defense Administration was merged with the Office of Defense Mobilization and consigned to the President's Executive Office.

White House personnel, numbering 274, have long since spilled out of the East and West Wings into the spacious old building next door that once upon a time lodged the entire State, War, and Navy Departments. There they mingle with coordinators and commissioners of the Executive Office who in turn have been obliged to spill over into neighboring buildings. A year or so ago, someone thought it appropriate to build a physical barrier between the President's White House staff and his Executive Office staff. Huge partitions were erected along the lofty corridors of the dignified old building, whose architectural vintage has been described as General Grant Gothic, turning it into a bureaucratic rabbit warren. But evidently there were no funds to provide guards and/or receptionists for the entrances and exits. Visitors wander freely through the barricades.

THERE ARE VARIOUS PLANS afoot that may change all this. An Advisory Commission on Presidential Office Space has recommended that the old State-War-Navy Building be razed and a splendid new office building erected in its place. This would at least ameliorate the congestion around the President's Secretary, Brigadier General A. J. Goodpaster, whose five assistants work in a single room. It might even rescue the White House news tickers from the lavatory where they are jammed between a washbasin and a toilet.

To members of the press, it has been slyly pointed out that there would also be an air-conditioned auditorium for the President's news conferences to replace the Treaty Room, where of a summer's day the heat and crowded humanity grow intolerable. Last but not least, the President's own accommodations would be moved from the lovely Oval Room, which opens onto the White House rose gardens, to a place in close and efficient proximity to his numerous aides.

Not everyone, however, has hailed this proposal with unabashed joy. For some thoughtful students of the American Presidency, to move the President out of his White House office would give *de jure* recognition to the fact that the Presidency has become, not a man's office at all, but the abode of bureaucrats.

Co-ordinator-in-Chief

Some recent Congressional attacks on the inflation that has hit Eisenhower's office—personnel up nearly 1,500 since 1952—are not entirely fair. While Eisenhower has added some places since Truman has gone, he has whittled down others. The biggest growth, in fact, was caused by including the newly consolidated Office of Civil Defense and Mobilization in the Executive Office setup.

The changes wrought by Eisenhower, however, cannot be measured solely in numbers. For he has made quite radical innovations in the way the Presidency is run. As an administrative high command, the White House is now simply not to be compared with the organizational chaos Roosevelt reigned over. And there have also been marked developments since the first experimental efforts at staffing the Presidency that were initiated by Truman.

Undoubtedly a number of factors influenced Eisenhower's thinking. Not only was he conditioned to the Army staff system, but he has displayed a personal predisposition for the sort of administrative tidiness which Roosevelt despised and Truman never achieved. According to some of his associates, Eisenhower was shocked by the administrative conditions he found when he entered the White House. He, perhaps more than his predecessors, faced up to the fact that most programs of any consequence nowadays have jumped departmental boundaries and must be co-ordinated somewhere. Last, and paradoxically, in building his own bureaucracy Eisenhower was showing an instinctive mistrust of the vast government bureaucracy beneath him which he was pledged to bring to heel.

LAST YEAR, in a letter to a friend, the President revealed that he had one other "'ideal' organizational change" in mind. It would be to create the post of "The First Secretary of the Government":

This officer—who in this case would be Mr. Dulles—would be responsible to the President for coordinating and directing the efforts of the State Department, the USIA, *the* ICA *and the international activities of the departments of Commerce, Agriculture, Labor and Treasury. He would be relieved of the chore of meeting with committees and long hours of detailed discussion and argument—he would be given time to think. . . .*

In describing this curious creature —a co-ordinator who would not attend committee meetings—Eisenhower was also referring to a conception of the President himself which he has expressed on a number of occasions in the past. The ideal of a chief co-ordinator who at the same time is left free to think about the really big problems was one he had hinted at when he announced his intention to run for a second term. It is this ideal that has been implicit in most of the institutional juggling that has gone on at the White House.

One can sympathize heartily with the President's objective. The Presidency today has become such an appalling proposition that surely the man who bears the burden deserves any sort of help he can get. But one can legitimately inquire: how helpful to a President are these innovations, really?

Where the Buck Stops

Perhaps the most persistent notion for helping the President since the arrival of big, big government has been that of creating a Presidential chief of staff, or, as the role is sometimes described, an Assistant President for Administration. During the Second World War, Roosevelt granted vast and unspecified authority to James S. Byrnes and Judge Fred M. Vinson. At the time of Korea, Truman tried, with a notable lack of success, to work out a similar ar-

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rangement with Charles E. (General Electric) Wilson.

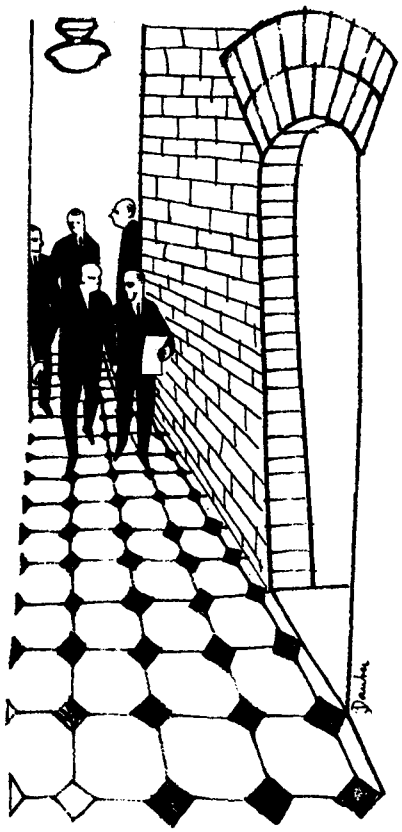
The idea of a single peacetime "Assistant to the President" was first conceived when Truman handed John R. Steelman the job; and Steelman personally penciled in "The" at the front of his title. "The" remained when Sherman Adams took over the title after Eisenhower moved into the White House.

Steelman was never in fact *the* Assistant. In addition to his labor-conciliation duties, he served as Johnny-on-the-spot for a wide variety of assignments until Truman could find others to take them over. At one time he pointed proudly to nine different Presidential commissions hanging on his wall. Sherman Adams, however, set out to pump meaning into the title. When, early in the history of the Eisenhower administration, an advisory group sent to the White House a suggested staff organization chart showing the lines of authority running directly up to the President, Adams promptly sent it back for redrafting: the lines of authority were to run through Adams.

He struggled manfully to meet this awesome responsibility by long hours of work and the sheer force of a brusque personality. His downfall, brought on by the Goldfine exposures, suggested two lessons that go beyond the messy affairs of Bernard Goldfine. The first was that the Assistant to the President, dedicated and loyal as he was to his boss, had had a fatal misunderstanding of the real nature of his situation. No matter how ingenuous his attempt to assist a fellow New Englander, he was guilty of an act of provincialism that could not be tolerated in a President or his chief of staff.

Secondly, the episode showed that even though a President may delegate his authority, he cannot delegate his political power. In his desperate battle for survival, Adams discovered that he had no protection. He was hounded out of office as much for his legitimate actions on the President's behalf (actions that had inevitably offended many congressmen) as for the specific sin of aiding Goldfine. His going provides a grim case study for anyone who might be tempted to become a President's alter ego.

THOUGH the post-Adams White House is, according to one intimate, a less "taut" ship, it gives the outward appearance of being a more seaworthy one. The administrative confusion that some, possibly even the President, gloomily anticipated has not happened. Adams's successor to the title, General Wilton ("Slick") Persons, is managing to wheel and deal without becoming a political scapegoat so far. One reason is obvious. Persons, who spent a long career serving as spokesman for the Army to Capitol Hill, is both accomplished in the gentle art of persuasion and skilled in avoiding any suggestion that he is a substitute President.



As a result, the healthy impression has gotten around Washington that now there is more than one channel to the President. Three top deputies —Gerald D. Morgan, Bryce N. Harlow, and Robert E. Merriam—share the intermediary role. Though comparatively young men, they all command respect among the professional politicians for having the political savvy that cannot be supplanted in the White House by any amount of purely administrative competence.

Deputy Assistant for Congressional Relations Harlow, a long-time Washington career man who was once offered a job in the Truman White House, handles his business with a casual good humor that belies the unhappy Republican situation on the Hill. Recently he described the lively contretemps when a Democratic effort to override an Eisenhower veto succeeded in the Senate and was averted in the House by only four votes. "Before the vote some of the Democrats sent word to me, 'We're going to roll you on this one!,'" Harlow recounted. "I told them they had better count their votes again. Afterward, they called me up and said they had seen Summerfield hanging around the Capitol. They wanted to know how many post offices it cost us. I told them they hadn't done their homework."

Robert Merriam, the most recent addition to the White House higher echelon, serves as trouble shooter for interdepartmental affairs. Until 1955 a Democratic alderman in Chicago, Merriam played an interesting role in the switchabout decision of Illinois Democratic leaders in 1948 to run Paul Douglas for the Senate and Adlai Stevenson for governor. His secession from the Democratic Party came, not on party philosophy, but from a practical desire to clean up Chicago politics. Defeated as a Republican candidate for mayor, he came to Washington to work in the Budget Bureau, was fondly remembered by Eisenhower as the author of a first-rate history of the Battle of the Bulge, and so, in two giant steps, landed in the White House.

Business around the White House is less pressured, and there is less spit and polish than in Adams's time. But there is still lip service to the hierarchical arrangements and a certain disposition to apportion the work by neat administrative charts. In a private conversation, one aide derided the Truman habit of assigning assistants to handle key problem areas, one for minority groups, another for labor relations, etc. The Eisenhower White House, he told me, is organized to deal with functions rather than with special interest groups. A former Truman aide voiced the equally scornful opinion that the Eisenhower setup has meant that no staff member is really con-

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cerned with keeping watch on pesky problems. Certainly, the early handling of the Little Rock crisis showed remarkably haphazard attention by those in the White House.

Visiting Hours

Under Eisenhower, the work week has been marked off by four events taking place with enough regularity to warrant being called Presidential institutions. They are the leadership conferences with Republican Congressional leaders, the Cabinet and National Security Council meetings, and the news conference. All existed prior to Eisenhower, but on all, except possibly the last, the President has acted deliberately to bestow added prestige.

Unlike Roosevelt or Truman, he has preferred the weekly meeting with a fixed group to less formal and more diversified contacts as a way of maintaining Congressional liaison. To some old-time politicians around town it seemed an odd working arrangement. It meant that he was more or less channeling access to the White House through sometime political foes like Robert A. Taft and William F. Knowland and Joseph W. Martin. Moreover, it is the Congressional leaders, not the President, who parade out to the waiting newspapermen and television cameras to report what has gone on inside. Knowland's White House pronouncements, especially, used to contain more than a few barbs at the man living there.

Eisenhower, however, has persisted in this Tuesday-morning practice and reportedly feels that it has done much to "regularize" Presidential relations with Congress. Of late, his aides report that he actually seems to enjoy these get-togethers. His enemies have not only grown older; some have left town. Knowland has gone back to California, and one veteran participant in these meetings reports that the departure has wrought a remarkable change in the President. He used to sit and doodle frantic designs while Knowland delivered his ponderous views. Now, with Knowland and Martin replaced by the more congenial Everett Dirksen and Charles A. Halleck, the President is said to approach his work with new zest.

So far, it must be added, the President has shown no inclination to establish more formalized working relations with the Democratic Party leaders in control of Congress. At a recent news conference he did hint that the continuing opposition-party dominance in Congress—six of his eight years in office—might make new approaches necessary. ". . . Personally, I detect a more vocal support for some change, even a basic constitutional change, so that we could incorporate into our system some of the features of the parliamentary system," Eisenhower declared. But when a reporter sought to find out what change he had in mind, the President backed away. It was preferable, he thought, "to stick with what we have, but try to make it work a little bit better."

THE CABINET, which meets on Fridays, has become quite a different body from what it used to be. It once operated pretty much according to the President's whim. Now it has the paraphernalia of a functioning directorate. A Secretary to the Cabinet in the White House works with Cabinet assistants in the departments to prepare an agenda for the meetings. For each item elaborate Cabinet papers, running fifty pages and longer, are prepared and circulated in advance, and the various departmental positions are recorded. The Cabinet member making the "presentation" is put through carefully rehearsed "previews" by the secretariat, sometimes three or more times, until he has honed his argument to a fine edge. Visual aids in the form of charts and even films are made ready. A system of flashing lights was installed in the Cabinet Room to enable the Secretary to maintain a tight time schedule for the presentations. (Evidently this was found to be carrying efficiency too far, for the red lights have never been flashed.) Afterward, the Cabinet Secretary briefs the departmental assistants and provides regular progress reports on decisions to be carried out.

Such enthusiasts of the new system as Maxwell Rabb, the first Secretary to the Cabinet, and Robert K. Gray, his successor, argue that it has demonstrated enormous usefulness in co-ordinating the demands on the President's attention and ensuring systematic follow-up on his decisions. They also point out that it has done much to quell the bickering within the President's official family that plagued former administrations. Certainly it is a fact that Eisenhower's Cabinet has managed to display more outward harmony than most. Political pariahs like Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson have been assured of a forum in which to enlist the sympathetic understanding of their colleagues. Eisenhower has repeatedly urged his Cabinet members to approach the meetings not as rival chieftains of the Washington subgovernments but as senior statesmen who, with widely varied experience, are prepared to consult with him at the summit.

In his determination to make the Cabinet a useful instrument in the decision-making process, Eisenhower reportedly told his associates: "Any

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time somebody comes into my office and starts fishing in his coat pocket for a program to sell me, I'm going to tell him, 'Get out of here! Take it up in the Cabinet or the NSC!' " A President who hews to such a policy can, of course, make his Cabinet well-nigh indispensable.

But has it become the place where the really important political problems are laid on the table? Some outside observers, who are familiar with the workings of government at the top level, are inclined to doubt it. They concede that it may be proving more useful in co-ordinating routine matters and even in building a spirit of "togetherness" among the official family. But they strongly doubt that a department head or for that matter the President himself would expose a highly sensitive problem to the seventeen people and the strongly competitive interests present around the Cabinet table.

Mr. Flemming's Day in Court

Despite the hard prodding of the secretariat, it is suspected that much of the agenda consists of pretty trivial stuff. Most Cabinet business, of course, is secret. But items that have been made public, such as Mission 66—a plan to restore the National Parks—and a more recent one on helium conservation, hardly give the impression of a group grappling with really controversial ideas. When the new Republican national chairman, Senator Thruston B. Morton, spoke to the National Press Club not long ago, he was asked if he attended Cabinet meetings. He replied, "I've attended a lot of them and frankly they're not the most exciting thing in the world."

A recent behind-the-scenes episode, however, reveals that the Cabinet may have a somewhat different use nowadays than its critics have anticipated. This spring, the economy-conscious President refused flatly to send a school-construction bill to Congress—not even a drastic modification of the ones he had sent up twice before. As the deadline approached for the administration to act, Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Arthur S. Flemming began to press hard for this new version, whose cost would not really begin to be felt during the remainder of the administration. At a private White House interview three days before the House Education Committee was to start hearings on school aid, Flemming persisted doggedly. Finally, the President angrily cut off further argument by ordering the issue put on the following day's Cabinet agenda.

Next morning, Eisenhower introduced the subject with the flat assertion that he was dead opposed to it. What followed, according to admiring witnesses, was a remarkable exhibition of the persuasive eloquence of Mr. Flemming. From a heavily hostile group he found two supporters in the persons of Vice-President Nixon and Secretary of Labor Mitchell. Gradually, the President's position visibly turned around. The school-construction bill was dispatched to Congress.

In this instance, it should be noted, the Cabinet was used to overcome the resistance of the President rather than of individual members. It served as a court of last resort after the verdict in the President's own office had been negative. But it is hardly a typical performance. In recent months, the President has reportedly come more and more to dominate Cabinet discussion, frequently monopolizing forty-five minutes or more of the two-hour meetings with exhortations on the need for economy.

The Strategy Machine

Of all the Presidential staff arms, the most difficult to assess with any degree of confidence is the highly secretive National Security Council, which meets on Thursdays. Started during Truman's time, the NSC was partly inspired by the reaction of Secretary Forrestal and others to the sloppy way Roosevelt handled high strategy matters, and partly by Truman's keenly felt need for an institutional "memory" that could brief his successor on secret happenings in a way that no one had been able to brief him. Today Truman seems to have strong doubts about this high-level body. In a recent interview he told this reporter: "When Congress got to monkeying with the NSC, they ruined it. I would abolish it if I were back in the White House." Associates say the former President was simply voicing an instinctive mistrust of letting Congress freeze into statute the methods by which a President se-

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cures his advice and advisers. Truman is known, for example, to have misgivings about the automatic inclusion of the Vice-President on the Council.

Eisenhower has voiced no such doubts. Instead, the NSC organization has been considerably expanded. A Planning Board, made up of representatives from each department, prepares policy papers for the Council's consideration. An Operations Coordinating Board, made up of other representatives from the same departments, seeks to implement Presidential decisions reached after the NSC deliberations. Despite the high security wall that surrounds it, the NSC has received a great deal of glamour treatment in the popular press. Inevitably the idea has gained credence that this body has somehow mechanized the business of decision-making in the areas of highest policy. In an age of pushbutton war it is supposed to have become an instrument of pushbutton strategy.

IT IS INCONCEIVABLE that the NSC really works this way. Its five statutory members, together with its numerous regular and irregular guests, are not likely to serve as a group of intimates providing genuine give-and-take on issues. Its procedures fail to provide the sharp controversy in the President's presence that the Cabinet may sometimes achieve. Instead, the policy papers are drafted by the Planning Board with the issues carefully modified in advance of Council consideration so as to reconcile conflicting departmental attitudes. Some who have been privy to this process comment despairingly that only watered-down compromises and fuzzed-over solutions are laid before the President instead of the sharply defined alternatives that could assist him in making the tough decisions.

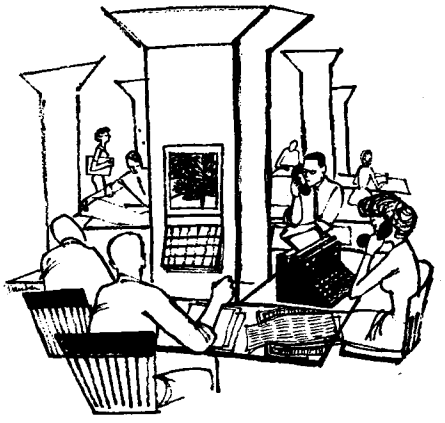
In a recent speech to the National War College, Senator Henry M. Jackson (D., Washington) made this grave charge: "Our present NSC system actually stultifies true creative effort in the Executive Branch . . . Our governmental processes do not produce clearly defined and purposeful strategy for the cold war."

In the view of critics, the NSC may be useful in formulating short-range tactics (though its cumbersome staff work has always been by-passed during times of crisis in Korea, the Formosa Strait, Lebanon, etc.). There is nothing to suggest that it is useful in fixing long-range national objectives. Indeed, by keeping the President preoccupied with systematic paper work, it may be an actual impediment.

Threats to Flexibility

Who and what are to help the President? Obviously any simple notion of stripping the Presidency of its bureaucratic accretions is somewhat romantic. Along with all the other hats he must wear, the President has necessarily become the co-ordinator of co-ordinators. There are no miraculous substitutes for staffs and committees.

But serious students of the Presidency are gravely disturbed over the way the President's office has developed. At a recent meeting of the American Society for Public Administration, Dr. Richard E. Neustadt of Columbia, who served in Truman's White House, argued:



The President in person needs help more now than he did in 1937, but he is far less equipped to get help for himself. What he needs most is help in gaining personal perspective on and personal control over the issues that ought to be decided by nobody but himself. Eisenhower seems to have less help of that sort than Roosevelt did. His Executive Office, including the White House, has become an agglomeration of agencies and committees existing at least as much to serve other purposes as to serve the President in these personal terms.

Neustadt points out that much of the staff and other paraphernalia added to the President's office was originally designed to make him more amenable to others, not vice versa:

The Budget Bureau, as set up in 1921, reflected Congress' desire to provide itself with more rational budget presentations from the executive departments. The Council of Economic Advisers, created in 1946, was the end product of Congressional attempts to make the President take his advice from "safe" economists acceptable on Capitol Hill. The NSC, as proposed by Forrestal in 1947, was meant to make the Secretary of Defense a sort of Prime Minister. Recently, the Civil Defense Agency was placed in the President's office to boost its prestige, not his.

Neustadt points out that Eisenhower has undoubtedly found uses of his own for many of these agencies. But insofar as they rigidify the President's office and involve him in time-consuming routines which represent someone else's notions—not his own—of what his job should be, they pose a danger. They threaten the flexibility he must maintain at all costs.

THERE IS A PARADOX HERE. The present occupant of the White House would undoubtedly be the last to agree with such an analysis of the President's plight. Eisenhower has welcomed the devices by which more businesslike arrangements have been made for the ordering of the President's business. He has sincerely approved of the staff work and the secretariats that provide a sense of system in the handling of high policies. He has shown no disposition whatsoever to question whether so much reliance on the Cabinet or the National Security Council makes for creativity in American government.

All of which goes to show that the President's office can be at best only what the President wants to make it. The Eisenhower innovations have unquestionably been useful to a leader whose overriding concern, particularly of late, has been to develop better control over the braking mechanism in government. But it may be wondered how much they will help a future President who decides it is time to get his foot off the brake pedal and give a firm push on the gas.

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Franco Builds a Tomb

FRANÇOIS BONDY

THE ENTRANCE PROPER to "The Valley of the Fallen" is marked by two slender pillars. But several miles away we could already see the huge Cross rising between the hills. If one asks what will remain in years to come of Generalissimo Franco's interregnum, the only unarguable answer is *el Valle de los Caídos*. Just as that somber palace the Escorial has caught in stone the spirit of the Spanish monarchy at a moment of world dominion, so this colossal monument and cemetery for those who fell in the Spanish Civil War will preserve a haunting image of this régime and its ruler.

Philip II originally considered this same stark landscape as a possible setting for the Escorial, but the hardness of the granite induced him to abandon his plan. The Caudillo did not allow himself to be intimidated by such an obstacle. He may even have been challenged by the idea of blasting a subterranean church two hundred yards through the rock. The work began in 1940, with political prisoners offering a cheap supply of labor: one day's work in the Valle was for them the equivalent of three days of a prison sentence.

The church in the rock is flooded with music that certainly does not come from an organ; perhaps a record player. I found the present architect (his predecessor is dead, but Franco himself in any case had more to do with all the plans for the Valle than did his architects) among a group of important-looking Germans. They were, I was told, one of the many commissions of foreign financial experts who are examining the Spanish budget with some dismay and who are giving as much good advice, if not credit, as they can.

ONE CAN only marvel at the boldness that ventures to exhibit before these sober gentlemen such spectacular testimony of so many millions of dollars spent unproductively. But perhaps Assyrian bankers were taken to visit the Pyramids in just the same way.

This comparison with the Pyramids is bound to occur to anyone visiting the Valle. What other régime of our century has thought of choosing a cemetery for its one eye-catching construction project?

Is the subterranean church also to become Franco's own mausoleum? It is rumored so but has not been officially confirmed. Indeed, practically no information at all is available concerning the Valle; not even the smallest leaflet has been printed to explain matters to the visitor. There is, however, a side chapel on the right, with a sarcophagus and an effigy of Christ done by a contemporary Spanish sculptor, which suggests that a very illustrious patron has made provision for his own afterlife.

The Bones of the Martyr

For the formal opening on April 1, Franco transferred to the Valle the bones of martyred José Antonio de Rivera, son of the former dictator Primo de Rivera and founder of the Falange. Until then *el Fundador*, the Founder, rested in a royal grave in the chapel of the Escorial, before the high altar. It was because of him that the Escorial, which is some dozen miles distant from the Valle, had become the object of annual pilgrimages by the Falangists. The effect was somewhat curious when this spot which breathes the very essence of high Spanish ceremonial was thronged on all great anniversaries with bare-kneed Falangist boy scouts. In present-day Spain these elaborate tributes to the dead are almost the only occasions that are still marked in an unequivocally fascist manner.

José Antonio's bones had to be fetched from the Escorial in order to make the Valle the sole symbol of the *Cruzada* and its martyrs. Nevertheless there is a persistent report that José Antonio's family was not pleased at the idea of his being removed. Several survivors from among the first Falangists, who in the interim have become sharp critics of the Franco régime, went out of their way to emphasize to me that José Antonio would never have desired the terrible bloodshed that followed Franco's victory—that he would certainly have been more anxious for Spaniards to be reconciled with one another than that the memory of a fratricidal war should be perpetuated.

It is precisely such a reconciliation that the Valle de los Caídos is intended to represent, at least in part. "White" and "Red" are to lie peaceably side by side; and there can be no doubt that Franco is obsessed with the grandeur of this project. But it is not a task that he, of all people, is most suited to accomplish. As one of the most re-

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nowned Spanish philosophers said to me bitterly: "He has never tried to reconcile the living, so he had better leave the dead in peace." Everything which has to do with the Valle de los Caídos opens old wounds.

As one climbs a path to the platform on which the Cross stands, what looked from a distance like mere embellishments turn out to be four greatly oversized groups of figures: Matthew with his angel and the other evangelists with their attributes, the lion, the bull, and the eagle. The Cross itself is a mass of reinforced concrete 450 feet high, which makes less of an impression close up than it does at a distance. Coming down, we met a man in an apron who was carefully planting green moss in cracks in the rock.

The Benedictine monastery has been completed, after an earlier attempt which ignored the layout required by the rules of Benedictine monastic life proved unacceptable to the monks. The new building, more in accordance with the regulations, is one of a group that includes a *schola cantorum* and a seminary. Once the workers' huts have been torn down, this part of the Valle will produce a very impressive effect. But on the whole, the giant Cross on its natural plinth of reddish furrowed granite seems to weigh down like a heavy burden instead of carrying heavenward the Valle with its supplicants and its dead. And one is moved to think that the earthly remains of the fallen are to be shut up in this grotto of granite as if in the foundations of the régime itself—a régime that draws its very life from death, the fear of death, the cult of death.

A Spanish Djilas

There are certain dead men who are not included in this cult. It was of them that a certain Spanish journalist was thinking when he said to me: "We have to smile when we see what a fuss the whole world made over a few hundred executions in Cuba. With us, after Franco's final victory, thousands upon thousands were shot." This great blood bath, *after* the war was over, is not mentioned in any official Spanish chronicle. But it troubles the consciences of many Spaniards who took part in it more than do the horrors of the war itself. Dionisio Ridruejo, who is today a leader of the opposition within Spain but was at that time one of the leaders of the Falange and chief of its propaganda, alluded to this when in an interview with a Cuban journalist he remarked: "The conquered are now morally the victors."

At the beginning of February, as a result of that interview, Ridruejo was tried before the Supreme Court in Madrid. The two charges were of insulting Generalissimo Francisco Franco and of spreading forbidden propaganda. To be sure, as far back as 1947 Ridruejo had spent several weeks on remand. The prosecution had then asked for a sentence of eighteen years. This time the public prosecutor, astonishingly enough, demanded only twenty months. Such a penalty in any case came under the amnesty announced on the occasion of the last papal election. Ridruejo, "the Spanish Djilas," therefore left the trial a free man amid the rejoicings of his friends who filled the courtroom.

Why this clemency? Ridruejo himself is convinced (and I have met Spaniards from other circles who share his opinon) that the high court was demonstrating its political independence. In Spain today there are judges, even military judges, who will no longer agree to act as complaisant tools of the régime. There is also a constant pressure by many prominent citizens in favor of restoring some kind of constitutional order, some kind of rule of law. It is this tendency that underlies various extraordinary political events in these last months.

There was, for instance, the public quarrel between Escarré, the abbot of the Catalan Benedictine monastery of Montserrat, and Acedo, the civil governor of Barcelona (who characteristically is not himself a Catalan). In a public speech, the governor attacked "certain Catholic circles" for meddling in affairs of state. The abbot took this attack personally and replied to it after High Mass in the cathedral, with an address in which he deprecated any limitation of the Church's function. Since then, Radio Barcelona no longer broadcasts sacred music from Montserrat.

There are in circulation numerous printed proclamations issued by the Christian-democratic opposition (in Barcelona I received several of these in my mail), explaining the story of the conflict. The real bone of contention between the régime and the Catholic dignitaries in Catalonia was the following: The abbot had written a letter to the governor, holding him responsible in the case of twenty-three striking workers who were held incommunicado for four months, maltreated by the police, and finally sentenced for periods varying from four to twenty years. Now throughout Spain there is a social hierarchy, even among prisoners. (For example, University of Madrid students who spent several months in Carabanchel Prison told me that they were able to have meals sent in from outside.) The police distinguish between "better-class" opposition elements and working-class strikers. For this very reason, the intervention by the ab-

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bot of Montserrat on behalf of these imprisoned workers had the appearance of a revolutionary act.

One other episode is significant of this growing "disengagement" of leading citizens from the régime. It occurred during the last annual general assembly of the Chamber of Advocates in Madrid—one of those professional councils which provide the semblance of a constitutional state and in which officially appointed functionaries cultivate a docile loyalty to the authorities. This time the assembly, in contrast to previous occasions, had a stormy session. A number of the four hundred members vehemently demanded the restoration of a genuine legal order—and nearly all those present applauded vigorously.

It is not any eager desire of the masses for a revolutionary explosion that is shaking Franco's Spain today, but rather the various forms of dissent exhibited by the middle-class intellectual and professional elite. Prelates, judges, lawyers, economists, and even some businessmen are preparing the liquidation of the régime, or at least are constantly thinking of that possibility.

Homage to Machado

There was at least a symbolic if not a directly political significance in the memorial celebrations last February for the writer Antonio Machado, who died twenty years ago a refugee in the French village of Collioure. These celebrations were to have taken place in a square in Segovia, but the police directed the various writers, professors, and students—numbering over four hundred—who had come from Madrid to forgather in the courtyard of the house in which the writer had lived for a number of years. A group of Falangists also came in a bus from Madrid, apparently to disrupt the meeting, but the police kept them in order. Ridruejo (this time in his capacity as poet) and two university teachers respected for their independence, Pedro Lain Entralgo and José Luis Aranguren, delivered short unsentimental speeches. Simultaneously, to counteract this demonstration, the government arranged to hold an official celebration in honor of Machado in the town of Soria. It alone was mentioned in the Spanish press, although no writer of any standing had anything to do with it; whereas the greatest living Spanish historian, Menéndez Pidal, and the historian Gregorio Marañón both sent their respects to Segovia.

IF ONE TALKS to non-Spaniards about the viewpoint of the Spanish intelligentsia, which is so deeply antagonistic towards the government, one is often told: "Certainly it may well be the case that writers feel constricted by the censorship and that a number of students embrace libertarian or even left-wing ideas. But what does this signify in relation to the real forces in Spain —the Church, the army, the officials, and the industrialists? And of what consequence is it for the Spanish people as a whole, apart from the few towns with an intellectual life of their own? This nation does not in any sense know its intellectuals as leaders, even as leaders of opinion."

Since during my stay in Spain I spent more time in the circles (or *tertulias*) of the poets and in the Gijon, the literary café in Madrid, than I did amongst prelates and generals, workers, and *campesinos*, this is a criticism to which I feel myself especially vulnerable. Nevertheless I do not believe that it is well founded. An ambassador who has served long in Madrid said to me recently: "The censorship here weighs even on the illiterate." For the burden of unexpressed thoughts is felt more or less consciously by everybody. Intellectual restlessness has even taken hold of seminarians and young priests, even of the younger army officers.

Absolute rule as it has existed in Spain for twenty years was bound up with separation and isolation. Now that during the last five years Spain has once again begun to communicate with the outside world, one sees more and more indications of the approaching dissolution of a system which young Spaniards are bound to think of as a kind of *ancien régime*. The Spanish mind is beginning to feel itself to be a part of a European community. Beyond the Pyrenees, to be sure, the nearest European country is France, and Spaniards today do not find very much encouragement there. This lack of unison between the two Latin neighbors is a factor that has probably hindered developments in Spain. Yet at the same time a number of Spanish-American dictatorships have collapsed, including that of Batista, toward which the Spanish establishment had always been particularly sympathetic. And many Spaniards expect that the United States, as a result of its experiences in Spanish America, will now "disengage" itself, at least to a certain extent, from the Franco régime.

Some Look Ahead

Speculations of this kind also reveal, of course, the Spaniard's sense of political impotence: in the last resort he looks for decisive and influential events from outside rather than inside the country. But there is little question that, while Franco is inaugurating his vast necropolis and conjuring up the ghosts of the past, increasing sections of Spanish public opinion are turning their thoughts toward the living and toward the future.

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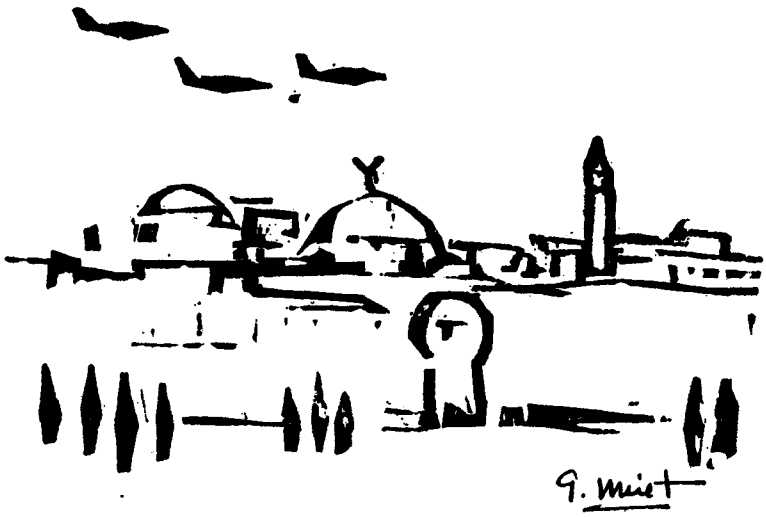

Nasser and Kassem: A Study In Acrimonious Coexistence

P. H. CRANE

THE SHORT-LIVED March 8 Mosul revolt inspired by pro-Nasser elements in Iraq may prove a turning point in the recent history of the Middle East. It precipitated the first sparks of the crisis between Nasser and Khrushchev, led to the strengthening of Communist power in Iraq, and now confronts Nasser with formidable internal and external difficulties.

It was only last July, following the revolution that obliterated the western-oriented government of King Faisal II and Prime Minister Nuri es Saïd, that Nasser saluted "the great victory of the people of Iraq under the leadership of their hero Abdel Karim Kassem." He had his reasons, of course—and his hopes. The organizers of the revolution, however, had agreed in advance that the question of union with Nasser's United Arab Republic would not be raised during "the transitional period." And there is no doubt that many had no intentions of ever raising this question at all. "What we are trying to do," said Iraqi Foreign Minister Hashim Jawad, "is to utilize the great resources of the country to develop our economy and make of Iraq a model in the Arab world, rather than risk the uncertainties of a union with the U.A.R. We are a part of the whole Arab nation but do not want to be a part of a part."

Plot and Counterplot

An attempt to work out a compromise with the U.A.R. was made by the leader of the left-wing National Democrats, Kamal Jadirji. One month after the *coup d'état,* he visited Cairo and suggested to President Nasser a kind of confederation between Iraq and the U.A.R. that would preserve the integrity of Iraq as a sovereign state. But Nasser was having none of it and proposed instead a referendum on the basis of complete union. When Jadirji returned to Baghdad and publicly denounced the projected union, the seeds of conflict were already planted. Several Syrian newspapers began a limited campaign against "those who are willing to sacrifice the Arab nation for their narrow selfish interests."

This difference of opinion might not have led to an open breach of relations. However, the Iraqi Ba'ath Party, with the support of some army officers, including Deputy Prime Minister Colonel Abdel Salam Aref, set out to force a union with the U.A.R. by attempting to overthrow the Kassem régime. To block them, Kassem appointed Aref ambassador in far-off Bonn, and dismissed many of Aref's followers from the army.

Aref never reached Bonn. Instead he went to Cairo, where he conferred at length with President Nasser. From there he went to Damascus, where he met Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, former chief of Syrian intelligence, who as minister of interior of the Syrian U.A.R. "province" had become the real master of Syria, controlling both the army and the police.

Serraj, together with the leaders of the Syrian Ba'ath Party, decided that the moment was opportune to force Iraq into a union with the U.A.R. The Ba'ath had every reason to favor such a course. Traditionally a minority party, it had become the dominant force in Syria as the chief advocate of union with Egypt. But the Syrian people were growing increasingly restive about this union, and the existence of an independent "revolutionary" Iraq might well lead to even deeper dissatisfaction.

Indeed, Nasser's difficulties in Syria were formidable. The absence of political and press freedom was strongly criticized by the intellectuals. Land reform was resisted by the big landlords who were smuggling millions of pounds to neighboring Lebanon and from there to Swiss banks. All political parties were banned, and only the Ba'ath still maintained its offices and political machinery intact. Favors in government contracts or important positions, distributed only to Ba'ath adherents, increased the dissatisfaction among thousands of businessmen and politicians. The invasion of Syria by Egyptian products and capital lowered profits for both small merchants and large industrialists. Syrian officers, who were usually kept in subordinate jobs, resented taking orders from Egyptian army officers. Open clashes between Syrian and Egyptian officers, mainly in Aleppo, led to purges and dismissals in the Syrian Army.

Above all, the Syrian is resentful that his country has lost its personality as a nation. "How do you want me to feel?" asked a young Syrian diplomat. "Whenever I say I am

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a citizen of the U.A.R., the only reaction is 'Oh, a citizen of Nasser.' Often I am in an embassy dominated by Egyptians who ignore me, or underrate my ability. I have become a second-class citizen."

Recognizing this increasing turmoil in Syria, Serraj decided to move. He smuggled Colonel Aref into Baghdad, using a car with diplomatic plates. But, tipped off by Soviet Ambassador Gregory Zaitsev and also by Turkish intelligence officers, Kassem arrested Aref and several other army officers, who were subsequently tried and condemned to death (though the sentences have not yet been carried out).

At the trials, held last November, the U.A.R. was accused of complicity by the chief of tribunal, Colonel Fadhil Abbas al Mahdawi. The Iraqi press thereupon began an anti-U.A.R. campaign. A month later, Rashid Ali al Gailani, leader of the 1941 pro-Nazi uprisings, who had returned from exile in Egypt, was also arrested for plotting to overthrow the Kassem régime.

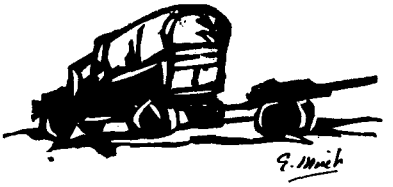
Undeterred, Serraj tried again. Just across the border in Iraq, the powerful Shamar tribes were infuriated by the land redistribution which deprived them of thousands of acres they had received from Nuri es Saïd's régime. Serraj supplied them with thousands of rifles and machine guns. Some of his officers were sent to meet representatives of the rebellious Iraqi Colonel Abdel Wahad Shawaf on the Syrian-Iraq frontiers. This was the preparation for the hapless Mosul revolt.

Kassem Holds On

The open break with Nasser, which followed the quick suppression of the Mosul rebellion, provided exactly the opportunity the Iraqi Communists were waiting for and they took action immediately. First, to "preserve the integrity and sovereignty of the Republic of Iraq," they induced several leading members of the National Democratic Party to create many "National United Front" organizations in the big cities. The Communist organ *Ittihad al Shaab* wrote on March 11: "The only way to preserve the real independence of Iraq is by a unity of all those who want to resist the ambitions of the fraudulent champion of Arab nationalism [Nasser], who resorted to the help of thieves, gangsters, and swindlers plus the agents of the oil companies in Homs, Kurkuk, and Mosul." Second, pro-Communist elements in the Kassem entourage increased their pressure to get the government to move closer toward the Soviet Union.

On the domestic front the Communists exploited Kassem's genuine popularity among the people; they swore allegiance to Kassem as the "one and only leader" and praised the "glorious army" which had saved the country from "imperialists and Nasserites." They infiltrated the newly formed trade unions and the "popular militia," extended their influence over the rural areas, and called for a socialist movement among the peasants.

The Communist strength lies not so much in the size of the party membership, or in its representation in the government, but rather in organizational ability. Although no leading government official is a member of the Communist Party, the Communist press has become influential in molding public opinion. Moreover, the relative importance of the party was enhanced by the virtual defection of the Istiqlal and the Ba'ath from the National United



Front, the civilian base of the régime, which was thus effectively reduced to the National Democratic Party, the Kurdish Democratic Party, and the Communist Party.

The Soviet Union was quick to exploit this advantage. An agreement was signed in Moscow on March 16 which provided for the construction of a number of industrial and agricultural projects in Iraq with Soviet technical assistance. It also granted Iraq a credit of 550 million rubles ($138 million) at 2.5 per cent annual interest, for the realization of the agreement. On April 30, Radio Baghdad reported that twenty-one agrarian-reform experts would begin arriving from Russia. Another mission of Soviet experts will soon arrive in Baghdad to provide technical advice on the establishment of model farms.

On May 5, the Soviet Union also concluded a cultural agreement providing for the exchange of professors and students and for the holding of a Soviet film festival in Iraq, plus other Soviet exhibitions. Iraqi scientists are to receive training in the Soviet Academy of Sciences, and arrangements will be made to grant scholarships to Soviet students wishing to study Arabic and Islamic history. Russian-language courses are to be introduced in Iraqi schools.

'Hothead'

Nasser soon took countermeasures, and Soviet diplomacy in the Middle East began to feel the impact of an anti-Communist drive mounted from Cairo and Damascus. Soviet diplomats in the U.A.R. were put under twenty-four-hour surveillance by secret police. Several difficulties arose in the interpretation of economic agreements signed between Cairo and Moscow. Soviet books and dozens of films were held in the censor's office for weeks, and two bookshops selling Soviet literature, once subsidized by the Soviet embassy, suddenly went bankrupt. Egyptian and Syrian newspapermen no longer visited the Soviet embassy, and Soviet press attachés found it difficult to circulate in the editorial rooms of the newspapers as freely as before. Exchange of intelligence information between the U.A.R. government and the Soviet embassy ceased. At the same time, press and radio attacks against the western powers fell off sharply.

Up to this point, Nasser himself had not spoken out. However, addressing a crowd of more than two hundred thousand in Port Said last December 23, he declared: "The Communist Party is working against the interests of the people of the U.A.R., against Arab nationalism, and against the Syrian people."

This was the signal for the unleashing of a U.A.R. press campaign against the Communists within the Arab world, although criticism of the Soviet Union itself was still avoided. It was only after the failure of the *coup d'état* at Mosul that Nasser, on March 11, called the

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Arab Communists "agents of a foreign power."

Moscow's reaction was not long delayed. Aware that Arab public opinion could only identify this "foreign power" with the Soviet Union, Khrushchev blasted back on March 16: "Nasser is a hotheaded young man . . . using the language of the imperialists."

The crisis between Moscow and Cairo was apparent. Neither Khrushchev's conciliatory letter of April 20 to Nasser nor Nasser's moderate reply of May 23 has really closed the gap.

Trials and Tribulations

The clearest result of Kassem's revolution to date is Nasser's growing isolation and declining prestige in the Arab world. His failure to oust Kassem represents one of the few grievous setbacks he has suffered so far. For millions of Arabs from Casablanca to the Persian Gulf, the myth of Nasser's invincibility no longer exists.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of Nasser's isolation was provided by the meeting of the Arab League's Political Committee held in Beirut on April 2 to discuss U.A.R.-Iraqi relations. Four of the ten Arab member nations refused to send delegates. Among those who did, only Yemen supported the U.A.R. stand against Iraq. It was soon apparent in the discussions that the majority of the Arab states preferred to maintain an uncommitted position in the quarrel between Iraq and the U.A.R. The final communiqué on April 7 represented a total failure of U.A.R. policies in the Arab world. Former Jordanian Premier Samir al Rifai explained: "None of the Arab delegates present was ready to follow the Nasser line. After all, most of them remembered how Nasser had tried to use the League against them on other occasions."

For all his show of anti-Communism, moreover, Nasser did not find the encouragement or strong support which he had hoped to get from the West. Instead, Great Britain is sending planes and tanks to Kassem, and the United States—although reluctantly—has approved the British policy which considers that helping Kassem is the best way to prevent Iraq's being swallowed up by either the Communists or the Nasserites.

Furthermore, by directly attacking the role of the Soviet Union in the Middle East, Nasser aroused concern and apprehensions among the neutralist nations. "We thought that the charges of Communism leveled against any nationalist with socialistic trends were usually the product of western propaganda . . . not that of Nasser," said a diplomat from Ghana. Both Nehru and Tito had repeatedly warned Nasser in 1956 against too deep an involvement with the Soviet Union, but they were far from happy about the tactics he suddenly started using against Moscow. They have each cabled him twice urging him to avoid involving the Soviet Union as a power. India refused his invitation to attend a neutralist "summit" conference. And Nehru reminded him that positive neutralism is a philosophy based on promoting "friendly relations" with all powers.

Israel Still Stands

Within the U.A.R., the anti-Soviet campaign disturbed several high army officers. It has been reliably reported that a clandestine pamphlet, accusing Nasser of betraying the Arab cause, appeared on his desk two weeks after his Damascus speech. "How could you forget," said the pamphlet, "that Russia sent you millions of dollars worth of arms in 1955 and 1956—arms that enabled you to resist during the first days of the [Suez] attack? Or that the Soviet ultimatum [to Britain and France] was delivered forty-eight hours before the cease-fire? Or that Russia saved the Egyptian people by sending thousands of tons of wheat when the West imposed a blockade against Egypt?" Nasser is fully aware of the growing restlessness in the army, and has recently held briefings for officers of all ranks on his policies and the reasons behind them.

Discontent in the army has several causes. In part, it is due to the many months of training in the Soviet Union that scores of Egyptian army, air force, and naval officers have received. It acquires further impetus from the feeling that by antagonizing Russia Nasser is losing an important bargaining counter with the West. Finally there is the question of Israel. An Egyptian army officer recently commented to an Egyptian diplomat stationed in Rome: "As long as Russia was our friend and supported us, we had hope that the day would come when we could take our revenge on Israel, which had twice beaten us. Now this prospect is gone, probably forever. For if Nasser's relations with Russia deteriorate, he will have to improve his relations with the West. But the price for this would be his total renunciation of any clash with Israel. If this is the road he is taking, no army officer will follow him."

An Internal Problem

Whatever the outcome, the present struggle for leadership between Kassem and Nasser poses difficult choices for the West and particularly for the United States. Washington is following the British lead in avoiding any overt anti-Kassem action, in the hope that he will yet be able to bring the Communists to heel. On the other hand, the State Department seems to believe that the collapse of the U.A.R., and Nasser's overthrow, would be a calamity for the West and potentially a victory for the Soviet Union, which now seems to have thrown in its lot with Kassem. One Arab ambassador in Washington who has carefully followed Soviet diplomacy in the Middle East during the past few years observes: "Russia would not have put her eggs in the Iraq basket without having sufficient reasons to believe that Nasser, as a popular leader for the Arab masses, is suffering a decline. Moscow always sides with the growing popular forces . . ."

The dilemma is real, but it would be far more acute than it is were it not for the fact that the overt intervention of *any* great power on either side would be interpreted by the average Arab as an "imperialist kiss of death." The conflict between the U.A.R. and Iraq—the question of the independent existence of these states and of their potential expansion—is likely to remain one of the internal problems of the Arab world, in which several nations manage to live in a condition of more or less acrimonious coexistence.

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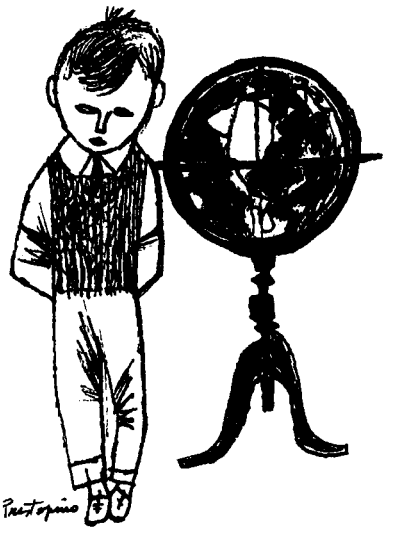
Our Education Budget Also Needs Balancing

REPRESENTATIVE STEWART L. UDALL



OVER THE YEARS, few issues have consumed more committee time in Congress than that of Federal aid to education. The problem has been studied so exhaustively that last year one of my colleagues remarked wearily, "If we could convert our man-hours of committee work into scaffold-hours with bricks, the classroom shortage would be practically licked." Unable to make up its mind on the big question, Congress thus far has settled for patchwork programs, and has dabbled about as an educational repairman (in the 1958 National Defense Education Act), as a payer of lieu taxes (in the "defense impact" programs), and as a provider of school lunches.

Despite the fact that the platforms of both major political parties have endorsed the principle, general school-aid bills have never mustered the necessary Congressional majorities. The box score shows that from 1943 to 1957, six such bills failed to be enacted.

IT WAS the late Senator Robert A. Taft who dominated consideration of the first bills. Taft's shifting policy on school aid was surely one of the most fascinating stories of his legislative career. The Ohio senator almost singlehandedly defeated the 1943 school bill, terming it "the most revolutionary legislation ever to come before the Congress." But when the plight of our schools became more acute in the postwar period, his thinking changed radically and he became one of the leading proponents of Federal aid. Taft saw a national interest in the performance of our schools and once said that the Federal government should not stand by and let a poor state do the best it could "if its best is not good enough."

In 1948, as majority leader, Taft pushed his aid-on-the-basis-of-need bill through the Senate, and then teamed up with Democratic senators to pass it again the following year. On neither occasion, however, did the House Education Committee vote the issue on its merits. Fears and emotions dominated deliberations, and the members became so deeply embroiled in a running fight over aid to parochial schools that the Senate bills were never cleared for floor action. Taft and his colleagues had deftly skirted the parochial-aid issue, but the House committee met it head-on, and the contention finally became so heated throughout the nation that it reached the boiling point in an exchange between Cardinal Spellman and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

This conflict left such deep scars that nearly five years elapsed before the House committee again considered general aid plans. In the interim, Senator Lister Hill's oil-for-education rider to the Tidelands bill kept the idea alive; and after the Senate rejected it, Congress marked time by authorizing the nation-wide discussions that culminated in the White House Conference on Education in November, 1955.

The next forward movement came in 1956, when a reconstituted House committee sent the Kelley school-construction bill to the House floor. But once again partisan quibbling and a new controversy—over Adam Clayton Powell's amendment forbidding Federal aid to segregated systems—combined to hand the opponents the extra votes they needed to kill the bill.

A year later, with the same forces at work, the House by the narrowest of margins again defeated Federal aid, and the special programs included in the National Defense Education Act were passed last year only because of the post-Sputnik panic over scientific and technical education.

It is ironical that while Congress has consistently refused to give aid outright, since 1943 various bootleg school-aid bills have been enacted: the $14-billion-plus G.I. Bill of Rights scholarship-tuition plan whooped through as a veterans' rehabilitation measure; and both the "defense impact" assistance and Defense Education bills passed disguised in the braid and brass of defense.

Two Bills, Three Factions

The bills now pending in Washington represent new approaches to Federal aid. The first plan, the four-year, $4.4-billion Murray-Metcalf bill (awaiting action by the Rules Committee for debate on the floor) provides outright support on a non-matching basis for the public schools. This bill provides twenty-five dollars per student for classroom construction and/or teachers' salaries, with state and local schoolmen determining needs and priorities.

The other plan, put forward by the Eisenhower administration, is a matching-grant proposal to help needy school districts amortize their construction bonds. It would involve Federal outlays of $2.1 billion during the next twenty-five years.

These bills are widely divergent in scope and intent, and any compromise was foreclosed earlier this month when Secretary Arthur S. Flemming of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare flatly announced that no bill except the one sponsored by the administration would be signed by the President. Aside from the special problem of overriding a veto, any compromise is further complicated by the fact that there are no less than three

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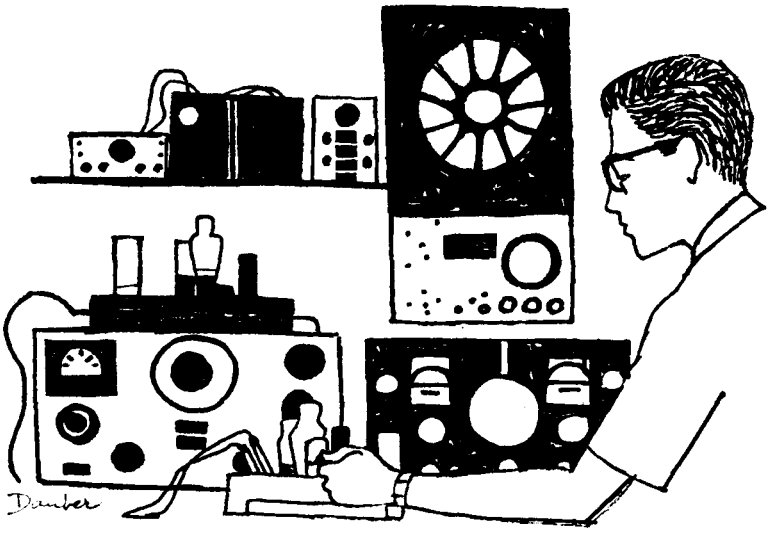

distinct views on education within Congress.

The first main division takes in the hard-core conservatives of both parties. These members are opposed in principle to Federal aid to education, and the roll of this group would surely comprise the 140 House members and 26 Senators who voted against initial action on the Defense Education Act. Generally speaking, these men believe our schools are "second to none," tend to belittle talk of a national school crisis, and are satisfied that the states will do an adequate job of financing schools. It is an article of faith with them that national bankruptcy poses a far greater danger to our security than educational shortcomings, and they also make liberal use of the Federal "control" argument.

The opponents of more general school aid have always argued that even partial Federal financing would necessarily subvert local control of schools. Many conservatives sincerely entertain such fears, but one tends to question the good faith of those opponents who are for local decision in Washington debates but in their home states favor the vesting of absolute school powers in a governor or some other state official. Nevertheless, this argument has been taken into account by provisions in the Murray-Metcalf bill, which would insulate local school boards from Federal contacts: the chief state school officer would be the sole agent for each state—and his reports to Federal officials would be little more than what Taft used to call "an audit proposition."

THE SECOND BIG GROUP of congressmen are the philosophical heirs of Senator Taft and the supporters of the current Eisenhower proposal. They have a sober view of our educational deficits, and in the main are dissatisfied with the current performance of the states. Their remedy is short-term, self-starting Federal programs that "pinpoint" glaring school weaknesses and spur action through grants that the states must match. Believing as they do that a Federal carrot will induce state action, they express concern that too much Federal support might stifle state-local initiative.

The third group, whose members probably constitute a solid majority in the Senate and a near majority in the House, includes those who will vote for the Murray-Metcalf bill. Most of these congressmen share the view expressed in a recent Rockefeller Report that "All of the problems of the schools lead us back sooner or later to one basic problem —financing." They have turned to Federal support as a last resort largely out of a conviction that the states, unaided, lack either the capacity or the will to break the tax barrier of educational finance.

A Question of Money

I would say that the two groups that favor Federal school aid have the same general concept of national goals. For the most part they would agree with Secretary Flemming that a one hundred per cent increase in teachers' salaries within the next five to ten years is essential; and they have no quarrel with the recent Killian Report recommendation that school outlays be doubled "as a minimal rather than an extravagant goal." But these men part company in a discussion of the means of reaching their common goals: the advocate of limited aid still casts a hopeful eye on the states, while his counterpart is almost convinced there will be no breakthrough without Federal support.

As the supporter of the Murray-Metcalf bill sees it, there are built-in ceilings that restrict the efforts of most states. It is, he holds, the inherent weaknesses in state and local taxing systems—not indifference—that have paralyzed state action, and he doubts that tax reform will occur in those states where many hard-pressed communities are underrepresented in "rotten borough" legislatures.

Furthermore, local school moneys are largely derived from the least equitable of all taxes—the property tax. A good wealth-measuring device a hundred years ago, this tax no longer reflects economic realities. The modern problem is dramatized by the circumstance that the gross income of General Motors in its nation-wide operations in 1955, for example, exceeded the entire locally assessed property-tax base of at least seven states. Indeed, most of the monetary troubles of public schools today can be traced to the fact that revenue has been tied to the property tax. It has always seemed to me that tax equalization is the strongest argument for Federal assistance: studies clearly show that new school outlays would cost the average home-owning taxpayer three or four times as much if financed at the local level rather than through the Federal income tax. One of the mysteries of the Federal-aid fight is the neglect of this forceful argument by its proponents.

No congressman believes that money alone provides a panacea for education. A massive fiscal transfusion will improve our schools only if it is accompanied by reforms in curricula, use of teacher personnel, and exploitation of student talent. But additional funds, as well as creative reform, must be forthcoming if we are to implement the best parts of the Conant, Rockefeller, and Killian Reports.

What, then, are the prospects for

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school legislation in the Eighty-sixth Congress? To be candid, they are not promising. Under the divided powers of our government a highly controversial bill cannot be enacted unless large areas of common ground are staked out, while at present the Democrats believe that the administration proposal is both unworkable and inadequate and the Republicans feel that the Murray-Metcalf bill gives too much aid—under the wrong conditions.

Another complicating factor is that President Eisenhower's concern over the plight of our schools, never more than halfhearted, is visibly waning. This is the first year since 1954 that he has not sent a special message to the Hill recommending new education legislation, and his commitment to his budget would seem to make a veto of the Murray-Metcalf bill a foregone conclusion.

There will be no concerted action until we have national leadership which is deeply concerned with the need to balance our educational budget and which is willing to tell the people the facts of our school crisis. Such leadership would surely jolt the American people out of the superiority complex that has caused them to misjudge the importance and quality of their schools.

Reading the Omens

Looking ahead, then, it is easy to predict that aid to education will be one of the prime issues in the 1960 campaign, and that it will take its accustomed place on the calendars of unfinished business of the next Congress.

But some of us in Congress are convinced that the long-run outlook is bright. We believe that a rising note of urgency will be felt in our deliberations as the ferment over schools spreads. Fifty years ago the states woke up to the fact that they had a crucial stake in good schools. They responded by setting up workable systems of state aid. Today we have a profound national interest in maintaining first-rate schools. As this national interest asserts itself—and Congress ultimately acts—one might guess that not many years hence men will be at a loss to imagine what all the fuss over Federal support for education was about.

A Lincoln Who Never Was

FAWN M. BRODIE

A THREE-COLUMN AD appeared in the nation's leading newspapers not long ago, paid for "by individual donations from hundreds of citizens throughout the South and from many other States." It consisted of a public letter to President Eisenhower from "a distinguished New Englander" protesting the Supreme Court decision on integration and urging its reversal. The writer of the letter, Carleton Putnam, described as "a member of the famous New England Putnam family," a graduate of Princeton and Columbia, founder and president of the Chicago and Southern Air Lines, and author of a "widely-praised biography of Theodore Roosevelt," justifies segregation chiefly on the ground that the Negro has not yet earned his right to associate with the white man as an equal.

"Any man with two eyes in his head," he writes, "can observe a Negro settlement in the Congo, can study the pure-blooded African in his native habitat as he exists when left on his own resources, can compare this settlement with London or Paris, and can draw his own conclusions regarding levels of character and intelligence—or that combination of character and intelligence which is civilization."

One can only wonder why or how Princeton and Columbia failed to communicate to Mr. Putnam the basic tenets of anthropology and sociology. But since he has written some history, one can ask him to face up to the evidence in the single matter of what he says about Abraham Lincoln and mixed schools.

Mr. Putnam has discovered the Lincoln quotation favored above all others by a number of Southern writers. It is a statement he made in a debate with Stephen A. Douglas in Charleston, Illinois, in September, 1858:

I am not now, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races . . . I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races, which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality.

Mr. Putnam comments: "The extent to which Lincoln would have modified these views today, or may have modified them before his death, is a moot question, but it is clear on its face that he would not have been in sympathy with the Supreme Court's position on segregation."

It is not enough to point out defensively, as Carl Sandburg did on a recent television interview when this passage was again quoted, that in 1858 a politician could not be identified as an abolitionist without committing political suicide. This is only the first step in the story. Actually Lincoln, like many other Americans, underwent a continuing evolution in his attitude toward Negro rights. It is not surprising that he never made a statement on mixed schools, for the primary problem in his day was not Negro education but Negro freedom. And at the time of his death the emerging problem was not Negro schools versus mixed schools but whether Negroes should be allowed to attend schools at all. In 1865 the same kind of massive sentiment that today opposes school integration opposed schooling of any kind because of the conviction that "Learning will spoil the nigger for work."

'Answer Me on This'

Lincoln made his stand absolutely clear on all of the relevant forms of segregation and discrimination in his time. A whole series of bills having to do with Negro rights was passed by Congress during the Civil War. He could have vetoed any of them,

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as his successor Andrew Johnson did in wholesale fashion later. One of these bills forbade segregation on the horse-drawn streetcars of the District of Columbia. Lincoln signed it without hesitation. He also signed a bill prohibiting the exclusion of Negroes as witnesses in all Federal courts. And he signed bills repealing the local laws that penalized Negroes more severely than white men for crimes and misdemeanors.

Lincoln at first opposed the use of colored men as soldiers, later became strongly converted to the idea, and eventually stated that "without the military help of black freedmen, the war against the South could not have been won." At first, when Negroes enlisted and were formed into regiments of the Union Army, they were paid ten dollars a month, though white soldiers of the same rank were paid thirteen dollars. Thaddeus Stevens introduced a bill equalizing their pay. "I despise the principle that would make a difference between them in the hour of battle and of death," he said. The bill passed and Lincoln signed it.

When Lincoln learned that Negroes in Kentucky were being whipped and ridden on rails in order to get them to enlist in the Union Army, he wrote in anger to Lieutenant Colonel John Glenn on February 7, 1865: "The like must not be done by you, or any one under you . . . You must not force negroes any more than white men. Answer me on this."

When Lincoln took office, there were no free Negro schools in the District of Columbia. A few private Negro schools, some of them half a century old, were supported by free Negroes or missionary societies. Several private white schools permitted a selected number of colored students. Although the Negroes in the District regularly paid a school tax, all the money went for white schools. The Civil War brought a tremendous influx of newly freed slaves into Washington, and there followed overcrowding, dislocation, and unemployment, reinforced by mass illiteracy. In 1862 Congress passed a law providing that the school-tax money paid by Negroes be used for Negro schools. In 1864 Congress set up a free school system for the District area. Separate schools were provided, but this was not the decision either of Lincoln or of Congress. It resulted from rules laid down by the local District school board.

'I Shan't Tear My Shirt . . .'

Mr. Putnam is troubled today by the problem of right of association—"I mean the right to associate with whom you please, and the right not to associate with whom you please." Mr. Lincoln seems not to have suffered from this problem himself. There is abundant evidence that he treated individual Negroes as people, not as inferiors nor simply as problems. When the famous ex-slave Frederick Douglass came to see him

at the White House, he greeted him cordially, saying: "Sit down, I am glad to see you." Later, when he was told that Douglass was being turned away from a White House reception because of his race, he ordered that he be permitted to enter, greeted him warmly by name, and asked him what he thought of his second inaugural speech.

When the Republicans succeeded in getting a bill passed recognizing Haiti and Liberia, snobbish Washington society was in a furor about the possibility that a black minister might invade their drawing rooms. When the Haitian President tactfully let it be known to Lincoln that he would not send a colored ambassador to Washington against his wish, Lincoln drawled to the messenger: "You can tell the President of Haiti that I shan't tear my shirt if he sends a nigger here."

In August, 1863, he urged the politicians in Union-occupied New Orleans "to adopt some practical system by which the two races could gradually live themselves out of their old relation to each other, and both come out better prepared for the new. Education for young blacks should be included in the plan." Later he co-operated with Congress in getting established a relief and welfare agency known as the Freedmen's Bureau, choosing as its head an able and compassionate young major-general, Oliver O. Howard. After the war, General Howard set up the South's first large-scale free school system, the Freedmen's Bureau paying for the purchase of land and the erection of schoolhouses, with all other expenses being met by Northern charitable organizations, which poured five to six million dollars into the South for this purpose. The schools were open to white and black children alike; but though the South had few free schools for whites (almost thirty per cent of the white voting population was illiterate), the Southern whites confronted the Bureau schools with a mass boycott. In South Carolina only fifteen white children were enrolled.

Not only was Lincoln in favor of Federal aid for the welfare and education of the newly freed slave; he came also to believe in his right to vote. In his last public speech he requested suffrage for the returning Negro soldier and for the educated Negro everywhere. And it is clear from a remarkable and generally forgotten letter to General James W. Wadsworth in 1864 that he was seriously considering trading universal amnesty for universal suffrage:

I cannot see, if universal amnesty is granted, how, under the circumstances, I can avoid exacting . . . universal suffrage, or at least, suffrage on the basis of intelligence and military service. How to better the condition of the colored race has long been a study which has attracted my serious and careful attention; hence I think I am clear and decided as to what course I shall pursue in the premises, regarding it as a religious duty, as the nation's guardian of these people, who have so heroically vindicated their manhood on the battlefield, where in assisting to save the life of the Republic, they have demonstrated in blood their right to

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the ballot, which is but the humane protection of the flag they have so fearlessly defended. The restoration of the Rebel States to the Union must rest upon the principle of civil and political equality of both races; and it must be sealed by general amnesty.

Mr. Putnam insists that "the equality doctrine as a whole, except when surrounded by a plethora of qualifications, is so untenable that it falls to pieces at the slightest thoughtful examination." Lincoln did not feel the necessity of making qualifications. As early as February 22, 1861, he said simply: "The Declaration of Independence . . . gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that *all* should have an equal chance. . . . But, if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle—I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than to surrender it." « »

Some of Our Launching Pads Are Missing

EDWARD HYMOFF

LAST JANUARY, when the missile experts in and around Vandenberg Air Base in California read that Defense Secretary Neil McElroy had stated that the first squadron of ten Atlas ICBMs would be on station and ready for use by mid-July, there were many derisive references to McElroy's "magic wand." The derision did not abate when McElroy quickly corrected the error and shifted the deadline to the end of the year or when the President, in his TV report to the nation on March 16, appeared to support his Defense Secretary's corrected deadline by indicating that Atlas ICBMs would be generally available in 1959.

The simple truth of the matter—if anything at all in the missile business can be considered simple—is that if all goes well, we shall have the means to fire in anger only three Atlas missiles by midsummer this year. Early next year we shall have a second launching complex capable of firing three more Atlases, which will still leave us four short of the promised full squadron. The rest will come later, and most of it a good deal later—and therein lies the story of one aspect of the missile lag that has not been fully reported or understood.

The public announcements from Washington are almost exclusively preoccupied with the production and testing of the "birds" themselves. But missiles are very much like bullets: without a gun—which is to say an operational launching site—they are absolutely useless. And like a quality gun, a launching complex requires painstaking design, individual machining in construction, and precise testing. Today it is far easier, quicker, and cheaper to build the missiles than to build the bases that will launch them.

Getting to First Base

One man who understands thoroughly this unpublicized area of the missile lag is Lieutenant General Bernard A. Schriever, former chief of the Air Force Ballistic Missile Division and now head of that service's Air Research and Development Command. At Senate hearings early this year he skirted the subject briefly. Preparedness for missile warfare, he testified, includes "base construction, it means training, it means the setting up of new units." Moreover, he added, "we are introducing this type of weapon for the first time in the history of this country, and it requires an entirely new operational environment . . ."

"Money isn't everything," General Schriever repeated for my benefit in the quiet of his office. "Even with money, time problems can't be compressed. This is what we have to consider when we transform technology into a missile weapons system. In this relatively new technology we often require lead times in excess of two years—sometimes even three years."

SETTING ASIDE the intermediate-range ballistic missiles, effective against the Soviets only from overseas bases, we are relying for missile retaliation on a hard core of three ICBM weapons systems: the Atlas, the Titan, and the Minuteman, and on the intermediate-range Polaris, which when mounted on nuclear submarines will have an effective range equal to the ICBMs'. The Atlas has been tested successfully but after five consecutive flight failures is still far from achieving the eighty per cent operational reliability Air Force missile experts hope to attain. The Titan is now undergoing basic flight tests and is at least a year to eighteen months behind the Atlas in its operational schedule. Minuteman, a less expensive solid-fuel long-range weapon, is four to six years in the future, while the solid-fuel Polaris is at least two years from installation in submarines capable of underwater launchings.

The first step in getting the ICBMs off the ground is the creation of a missile base. Today Vandenberg Air Force Base, spread over 65,000 acres of wasteland some 175 miles northwest of Los Angeles, is the only one in existence—and it is far from completion. (Cape Canaveral, so often in the headlines, is a launching base for test and research missiles only.) Vandenberg, though designed primarily for training purposes, could be used as an operational base. Work on this site is now going into high gear, with double shifts and overtime. Construction workers have begun excavating deep holes and tunnels that will become part of the most expensive diggings in the western world.

These excavations will ultimately house four underground silos for the mighty Titan. According to top Air Force officials, there will also be two Atlas launching complexes each of which will consist of three launching pads accommodating the same number of missiles. (Eight additional launching pads at Vandenberg, of which four are now completed, will be used for the training of missilemen for the intermediate-range Thor and

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the launching of modified Thors used in the current Discoverer satellite program.) When this huge integrated complex is finally completed in late 1961, it will provide the capability of one ten-missile ICBM squadron—though of mixed breed—which Secretary McElroy promised for the end of 1959.

Long and Short of Hard and Soft

Three major steps are required to bring a launching complex to a state of operational readiness: design, construction, and checking. The design phase covers a period of engineering conferences to establish what the launching complex will look like and to iron out the many problems posed by the geography and geology peculiar to each site. As General Schriever put it to me, each complex must be "tailor-made for the base where you're going to locate the missiles." The design phase alone, he pointed out, "runs from five to six months" before the construction contracts are even let.

The construction phase which follows may run from fifteen to twenty months. It will have taken twenty months, for instance, to build Vandenberg's first launching complex.

The final phase—what General Schriever calls the installation and checkout of the supporting equipment that makes a missile "truly operational"—takes about nine months. In all, then, thirty to thirty-five months is required to bring these intricate launching bases to complete readiness.

There is little chance of this lead time being cut back. The Atlas was originally designed in 1954 as a "soft" weapon standing above ground in a vertical position. The radio guidance system then in use required ground antennas about a mile downleg to keep the bird on course as it slowly climbed into the sky. However, as a result of subsequent breakthroughs in inertial guidance systems which have made it possible to fire the Atlas from underground or "hard" sites, all but the first three bases will be semi-hard or hard—and hard sites take about ten months longer to build than soft sites. The Titan, of course, has been planned from conception as an underground-based missile. The Minuteman is expected to be emplaced in both mobile (railroad flat-car) soft sites and in stationary hard sites.

Hard and soft sites have been the subject of a heated debate between their respective proponents. Many top-ranking officers in the Air Force have lobbied for the hard sites with colorful and often dramatic presentations based upon what they consider valid intelligence. Our missiles, they say, will some day be accurate enough to hit a hundred-foot-diameter bull's-eye. "And if they're going to be this accurate," a Strategic Air Command officer warned, "it

stands to reason that the Soviets will reach this degree of effectiveness with their missiles."

One prominent civilian missile engineer, with considerable experience in the nuclear-weapons field, disagreed. "An Atlas site above ground but built in a narrow ravine or canyon has greater protection than an underground site," he told me. "Let's face it; we can build a hell of a lot of soft sites in canyons and ravines much faster, put the birds on them, and have our deterrent and retaliatory power at least two years earlier than present construction schedules call for."

He acknowledged that a direct hit will naturally knock out a soft surface installation, "but experience in nuclear tests has shown us that a near miss on the other side of a hill or mountain will barely shake up a soft site." Describing his own studies of the blast effects of air, surface, and underground nuclear test explosions, he told me that a near miss at a hard underground site can do far greater damage. "It's like an earthquake," he explained. "Underground communications and control cables can be knocked haywire—and remember, some of the most sensitive equipment ever devised is a part of a missile's ground installation."

He conceded, however, that the monumental cost of building what General Schriever calls "an entirely new operational environment" can be cut down by emplacing ICBMs in many of the hundreds of abandoned mines spotted throughout the nation. "There's no reason at all why some of these mines can't be converted," he said. "The Army Corps of Engineers has presented studies of the feasibility of utilizing abandoned mines, but they've been turned down cold by the Air Force. And the Corps of Engineers has been in the construction business longer than the Air Force has been in existence."

The Air Force refused to comment beyond a brief statement that the decision to table the study "is not completely correct." Subsequent investigation indicates that abandoned mine sites will probably be used for future generations of missiles like the solid-fuel Minuteman of 1963-1965.

At present the only completely hardened site under construction is Vandenberg's first Titan complex. A giant silo, 155 feet deep and forty feet wide, is well under way and will take a total of two years to build. When finished, it will be covered by massive steel and concrete doors that will automatically open to permit the huge 110-ton bullet-shaped missile to rise to ground level on an elevator.

TRAINED MANPOWER is one of the biggest problems facing the Air Force today and contributes measurably to the over-all time lag of our missile program. As of now, an Atlas squadron calls for 550 men and a Titan squadron for six hundred. Air Force officers at Vandenberg responsible for the ballistic-missile training program say that these requirements will ultimately be reduced as more automation becomes available.

Training for IRBM squadrons is proceeding at an accelerated pace in many parts of the United States, but the ICBM training program is off to a slower start. Probably the most advanced training on this front is to be found in Vandenberg's 576th Strategic Missile Squadron, where the cream of Air Force enlisted technicians and officers are undergoing various phases of Atlas launch-crew training which began last September. The 576th is a combination training and operational squadron, and it is a far cry from the

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kind of Atlas combat squadron that Defense Secretary McElroy envisioned would be on station and ready for action in January. In carefully censored hearings before the Senate, which McElroy seems to have overlooked, General Schriever explained that the missile training program for the various ICBM squadrons "is in the order of thirty months."

Arithmetic Regression

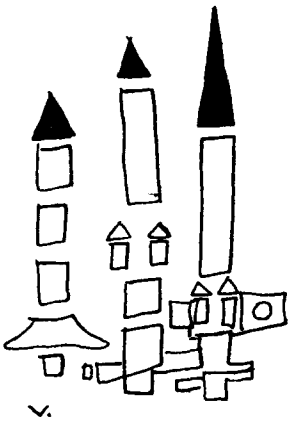
Perhaps the key factor in our missile preparedness program during what has come to be called the dangerous early sixties will be the ratio between the number of launching pads and the number of available ICBMs. Although production figures are secret, no less authoritative a journal than *Aviation Week* recently disclosed that the Convair plant manufacturing the Atlas is operating at forty per cent of capacity. If, for the sake of argument, a total of fifty Atlas ICBMs are produced this year and a similar number in 1960 and 1961, by the end of the third year there will be many more missiles than available launching pads.

By early March, the Pentagon had announced plans to build five ICBM bases in addition to Vandenberg—four Atlas bases, consisting of Warren (near Cheyenne), Offutt (near Omaha, which is also SAC headquarters), Fairchild (near Spokane), and Forbes (near Topeka), plus a Titan base at Lowry (near Denver). Three weeks later, four additional missile bases were announced for construction next to existing operational airbases. Two of the four (Ellsworth near Rapid City, South Dakota, and Mountain Home near Boise, Idaho) were designated as Titan bases, and the other two (Schilling near Salina, Kansas, and Lincoln near its namesake city in Nebraska) as additional Atlas bases. Present plans call for each of these missile areas to hold a single squadron, with the exception of Warren, which has been expanded in recent planning to house two more Atlas squadrons, and Lowry, which will have a second Titan squadron. Adding this up, one arrives at a total of three Titan bases and six Atlas bases, with Vandenberg—the tenth base—incorporating both Atlases and Titans.

The number of missiles planned for each base, however, has been revised by a policy decision, made by the Joint Chiefs of Staff last January, to both harden bases and disperse missiles.

Dispersal, according to a high-ranking missile officer, means "buying small plots of land scattered around the compass around the existing airbase. One launch site can be fifteen miles from the base, another ten miles, and a third twenty miles, with all of them many miles from one another and as much as forty miles apart on opposite sides of the base." He told me that as part of the dispersal plan it had been decided to maintain ten missiles and launching pads in Atlas and Titan ICBM squadrons. But he acknowledged that the communications problem between missile sites will be "magnified tenfold" as a result of dispersal.

With a total of ten missile bases, two with additional squadrons, and ten missiles to a squadron, the nation would have—if all bases were completed on time—a total deterrent and retaliatory capability of



130 Atlas and Titan ICBMs on station in 1962. Present construction schedules, however, preclude all ten bases being completed by that time. Vandenberg is the most advanced in construction, Warren is a year behind, and its two additional squadrons will set back its semi-hard-site schedule by some thirty months more. Contracts for brick-and-mortar construction of missile-launching facilities have been recently allotted at Lowry and Offutt for one squadron each.

The Air Force admits that construction has not yet begun at any of the remaining programmed sites, adding, however, that "certain preliminary soil investigation and site preparation is under way at the other locations." The Directorate of Installations at Ballistic Missile Division headquarters has acknowledged, without naming the bases involved, that some of the time-consuming land-acquisition program is still in the courts "and will be for some time to come."

Strike One—You're Out?

With the prospect that by the end of 1962 we shall have far fewer launching sites ready than are now scheduled, it becomes more important than ever to establish the performance and capability of those which will be completed by that date. The question arises, first of all, whether these missile bases will be capable of launching a second salvo of ICBMs to follow our first retaliatory barrage. According to current military thinking, ICBM warfare will be more or less limited to a "strike" by the enemy and a "strikeback" by our own missiles. There seems to be general agreement in the Pentagon and among the missilemen at Vandenberg and the missile-weapons-system designers and evaluators in the manufacturing plants that there may well be no chance to reload and fire again.

A certain number of assumptions underlie this view. First, it is assumed that the enemy will know the location of most of our missile sites and will achieve a high proportion of direct hits and near misses. (Many military analysts, in and out of uniform, anticipate that in the event of a Soviet ICBM attack sixty per cent of our ICBM retaliatory force would be knocked out.) Second, given the damage suffered from the "strike," including intense radiation and widespread disruption of communications, the retaliatory "strikeback" will be largely limited to what can be achieved by missiles already in firing position and subject to automatic control. For those sites which escape damage from the original attack, the time factor alone presents almost insuperable obstacles to an effective second salvo. Some of the "strikeback" problems were taken up in the afore-mentioned Congressional hearings with an ad-

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mission by Air Force Chief of Staff General Thomas D. White that "it would be a matter of considerably more time" to set up new missiles on launching pads after the first salvo had been fired. In the give-and-take of the hearing an Air Force technical spokesman told the committee that there are two distinct disadvantages to thinking in terms of reloading and launching a second salvo. "One is that the response rate [mechanical capability of launch sites for a second launch] is very low," he explained, "so they are vulnerable for a long period of time. Two, they must be reloaded in an environment which we have to assume is going to be very hostile to the reloading crew in terms of radiation hazard. Under these circumstances . . . you can only come to the conclusion that there is more value to providing some hardening than there is to providing additional soft missiles that are not on launch pads."

ANOTHER Air Force general officer in the missile field refused to comment on the availability of launching pads for a second shot, but admitted that even under ideal conditions it could take "some number of long hours" to pull another Atlas or Titan out of its storage hole, deliver it to the launching pad, emplace it, refuel it, check components, and then begin what is still a lengthy countdown procedure. The inescapable fact at present is that it will take an estimated day or longer to ready a launching pad for a second shot (assuming such a shot to be either possible or desirable). One of the civilian construction engineers at Vandenberg with launching-pad-construction experience at Canaveral frankly admits that the heat generated by powerful rocket engines often causes the thick steel plate covering the launch pad to melt and run. Excessive noise vibration also loosens steel supports and cracks even the special heat-resistant concrete that has been developed. He explained how at Canaveral thousands of tons of cooling water are sprayed under high pressure on a launching pad from which a research-and-development test vehicle is taking off. "And we still have to spend a day or two inspecting a cooled-down pad before we can use it again," he continued. "Some little thing is usually knocked out, and once in a while extensive repairs force us to "down" the pad for a week. No, I can't buy an operational launch site being used more than once in a twenty-four- or thirty-hour period."

There is, it appears, a more optimistic minority view which holds that completely hardened sites like those now envisaged for the Titan and later in the Atlas program will permit more than one salvo. But even this group concedes that the first soft sites now undergoing construction at Vandenberg and Warren would be useless after the first shot.

All this would seem—in the elusive mathematics of the missile controversy—to add up to the fact that of the ten missile bases and thirteen

squadrons (including Vandenberg) now scheduled, only the hard-site squadrons—perhaps six—can expect to remain in business after launching their first rounds. And since the "state of the art" during the dangerous early 1960's precludes all missiles functioning reliably, perhaps only fifty of the sixty missiles in those squadrons would be able to take off. Finally, one cannot assume, for either the Soviets or ourselves, that each and every missile will find its way to its respective target. Missile technology is such—and will be for some time to come—that a single malfunctioning component among the many tens of thousands of working parts in both our own and the Soviet missiles can send one of these awesome weapons well off its course.

Security and Insecurity

The entire area of the nation's retaliatory missile capability is shrouded in security and censorship, and is complicated by a series of constantly shifting evaluations and new technological developments in what the civilian director of the Atlas project calls "a period of technological obsolescence." New evaluations and conflicting claims are constantly publicized by Pentagon leaders seeking public and Congressional support for either an increase in manpower or the acquisition of new types of missile hardware for their respective services. On the eve of the NATO foreign ministers' conference in Washington, statements by American military leaders declaring that we now have the power to "break Russia's back" were widely published. While admitting the Soviets' three-to-one lead in missiles, they asserted that the total capacity of our "mixed" forces was more than adequate for the job, and that U.S. nuclear delivery capability was far greater than that of the Soviet Union. A few days later the headlines carried a statement by General Thomas S. Power, SAC commander, flatly contradicting such assertions. In testimony before the House Appropriations subcommittee he declared that SAC—the backbone of our mixed-force strategy—was rapidly "deteriorating" and that the B-47, which comprises roughly two-thirds of SAC's striking power, was obsolescent. Warning that the weapons lag was "risking the whole country," he asked that the B-47 be replaced. "I want more B-52s than are in the program," he declared, "and I want more Atlases—and I want them faster—and I want more B58s."

As a result of such conflicting statements, public uncertainty over our defense policies is acute. In turn, the absence of reliable and consistent public information in the area of weapons development tends to cripple Congressional efforts to force through decisions that would help close the missile gap. The broad base of such decisions has been set forth by General Schriever; it lies in wide public recognition that "The nature and size of our forces must, at the earliest possible date, be such as to absorb an attack of many hundred missiles hurled at us simultaneously—and still retain the capability of devastating the aggressor. We simply don't know when the Soviets for their part will achieve their capability; therefore it is only safe to assume that they will have it sooner rather than later."

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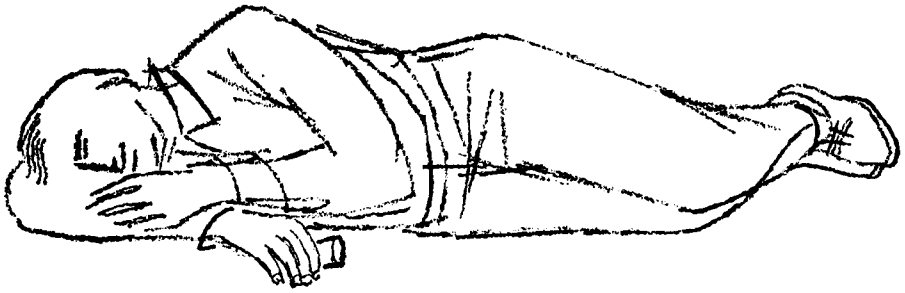

Let Me Know If I Can Do Anything

RABBI JOSEPH R. ROSENBLOOM

IN ANTICIPATION of a trip to New York, I wrote to two of the drug addicts I had known in Narco. (Narco is the nickname of the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, where I serve as a part-time chaplain.) Mike had been in Narco twice. He is very bright and has some insight into his problem. He has a Bachelor of Music degree from a fine university and is very talented in this field. Since becoming addicted, he has followed the musical profession sporadically. After depleting a modest inheritance from his father, he lived off loans from his mother and family until they simply gave up. He drove a cab and at night he played his trumpet in a burlesque house, where he met a girl in the chorus. He has lived with her for two years. They live as man and wife in a hotel that caters to strippers, show girls, alcoholics, pimps, whores, and retired men and women. Mike returned to Carol after his last stay in Narco. Should he return to Carol? he had asked me. Did they have a future together? Really not. But he did return. There was a kind of security with her.

I saw him my first night in New York. I called up from the lobby of his hotel and he came down, although he had been in bed and Carol was feeling ill. We met in the hotel bar.

Mike was wan. His eyes were pinpoints. They were pale blue eyes, deep-set and dull. I knew where he had spent part of that afternoon. But he asked about acquaintances at Narco.

Where are Harvey and Julie? And how is Dr. Slack? He doesn't really understand and he doesn't really want to help. Imagine getting eight thousand a year and telling me he can't help me—that I have to help myself. Yes, I've turned on a couple of times, but nothing serious. (Mike turned on the first time in his last year at college after being goaded for months by some musician friends. He thought he could take the first shot and then leave it alone. He could not then, nor now.)

It was serious and he knew it. But on drugs every rationalization is sufficient. He was still with Carol. She wasn't working and they would spend the summer in Cincinnati with her family when a teaching job he had was over. He knew no connections there and he would stay clean. Even though Carol wasn't feeling well, he wanted her to come down. I had to meet and approve of her. Three more bottles of beer and she came into the bar. She had been a stripper. Over the hill at twenty-three. She had lived with many men, and looked it. Yet she appeared quiet and refined. We made a dinner date for the next evening. Mike was going to take us to the best steak house in town.

GENE WAS THE OTHER ADDICT I notified about my trip. We had been in touch with one another, but he stopped writing a few weeks before my visit and I realized he must be upset and unwilling to write. I learned later he had been in trouble for several months. Not with the police, or he would have been back in jail. I had heard through the grapevine that he was picked up, but was found to be clean. (Not really. He had swallowed the morphine he had just picked up when the detectives stopped him. It's best to transport drugs by mouth to meet such eventualities.)

After two years at Narco, asserting too positively that he would never return to drugs, Gene had been paroled. I had gotten him a job. It was used to get him his parole and was to be temporary until he could get back into the routine as a comic. He would start slowly, working up his material, and then return to the scene of his biggest and only triumphs, a night club in Philadelphia. Gene had used heroin for ten years. He lost out as a comic, but made a hit, a real star, as a connection with at least twelve other addicts. They supplied enough bread to put $100 or more a day into his blood stream.

Sure, things would be different now, years later, with all the therapy and resolve. But from what I had heard in Narco and since coming to New York, the difference had a horrible sameness about it.

Gene didn't look like an addict. He was over six feet tall. Heavy and kind of sassy. His arms were clean. No pinpricks. They were in his ankle. The police always say roll your sleeves up, never your socks down. Gene excused himself and came back with a pill bottle, which was stashed under the carpet on the stairs leading up from the entrance hall. They were Dolophine—used to kick a habit without discomfort.

"Three Dollies a day to start, then two, then one, then a half, then a quarter—and then I'm clean and back to work." Always clean and back to work, tomorrow.

"How have you been, Gene?"

"Fine. I was offered a spot in Boston. Two hundred dollars a week."

"Are you going?"

"I want to be clean first."

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"Why not take the Dollies with you?"

"No, it's better to be completely clean first. I know no connections there. Really, I'll be ready to go to work in a week or so."

Gene and I would spend the day together. We were going to Philadelphia, Gene's home town, to call on some friends.

"Would you like to see me take off? Only one shot. We can go by my connection on the way to Philly. It won't hurt me. And you've never seen anyone take off."

"No, but I'd like to meet your connection."

"She's a Negro woman in Harlem. Grays are seen there only for women or dope. Not so apparent in the daytime." So we drove to Harlem in my car.

"But not without buying some dope and turning on. It's not right if we don't."

"No."

Mike had told me that Gene would try to use me this way. Junkies have no real friends. Only connections.

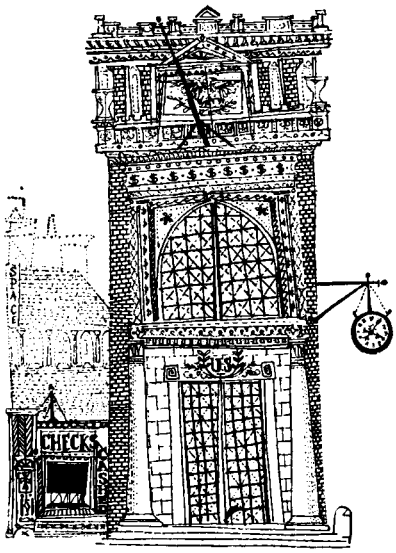
We didn't go to his connection, because I would not be a party to getting him drugs. We went to Philly. He didn't call his parole officer when we left New York. He could have been busted for that, but he didn't seem concerned. So we continued on our way to see Rita and some of Gene's other friends in Philadelphia.

We went to the house of a friend who had helped Gene when he played semi-pro basketball and when he won several amateur fights for heavyweights. He had had a future. He really had. He shaved there and I read the newspaper and heard the phone ring every time it was set down. A parlay of three: Philly, St. Louis, and the Yanks. This home served as a clearinghouse for betting on baseball parlays. The law was quite strict in Philadelphia, at least as far as drugs are concerned. It was clean of drugs. A new Federal agent working undercover had cleaned out twenty pushers. Those still using had to connect in New York.

We called Gene's sister, Gloria, in New York and got Rita's address. Gene had forgotten it. We went up to see Rita. Rita had had months of therapy at Narco. She was given a furlough to visit her husband, Ted, who was doing time in a state prison in Pennsylvania. She spent a year with her family in L.A. and then returned to Ted when he was paroled. They had a baby. When Rita saw me she couldn't speak and she wanted to embrace me, but she didn't. The small apartment was in disarray and a move seemed imminent. Her mother-in-law greeted me, asking me why Ted didn't just die or stay away or both, he's so bad, and she went into the bedroom to keep the baby and the television company.

"Ted's just been arrested."

Detectives had come up and searched and found nothing. Ted was in the bathroom and threw the H out the window in tinfoil. The cops left and looked around the house and found it. They came back up and found the roll he had torn the foil from. They matched and Ted was taken in. A good lawyer might beat it, but why didn't he



flush it down the toilet? Because he wanted twenty dollars of junk, he threw it and his life out the bathroom window. Some was left stashed away in the back yard and Rita had been turning on heavy the four days since Ted had been busted. This time she was going to leave Ted for good. But she needed some Dollies to withdraw before boarding the plane home to her family. She had to become like people before leaving. Gene didn't offer his Dollies, but she knew of a connection in New York and we could take her if she wanted to return with us later that evening. Gene asked for a taste of H before we left Rita, but she said no, not if you want to do a show. Gene had his Dollies.

We went to the club which Gene had once frequented as a comedian. I bought the first beers, since Gene had no money. The club owner and the others bought for the next three hours, for old times' sake. The place looked the same, but business was bad. There were several strippers and an excuse for a comic who filled in and introduced them. The show was continuous and no one really wanted to see one stripper after another with no relief, even if the relief didn't really relieve. The strippers were old and several remembered Gene. When will you be back, Gene? We miss you. People still ask for you. (Sure, Gene was the best comic to come out of Philly. Lots of talent. Too bad.) Gone were the chorus, the singers, the band. It's on tape now and no trouble from the trumpet player, who really wanted to play with the new young stripper, but couldn't make it, so he fouled up the music and drank while he played. Now they stripped to an aria from *Tosca* and the overture to *Figaro*. Popular music wasn't on tape yet. It would be soon. We drank and talked to the strippers and Gene did not perform, because there was no band and the comic working wouldn't ask him and neither did the owner, so we drank and left to pick up Rita.

We walked in and Rita was packing and Gene asked her for some H for just a little high. Rita went out for the stash, put some in a spoon, dropped some water from an eye-dropper (the baby's, who slept) into the spoon with the white heroin powder, and cooked it into a solution and took it up into the eye-dropper with a hypodermic needle on the end now and, after tying Gene's tie around her lower arm, pricked a vein and jerked off—that is, pushed the stuff in and then brought it up with blood—and Gene said, it does no good that way, and Rita said, I've tried it every way and like it best this way. She took off the tie and she was high, but really no different from before. There was no euphoria, at least not the obvious

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kind. No, I didn't want to take off and get high, so Gene cooked up while Rita went back to the packing and the baby, who never disturbed the pattern. Gene cooked and removed his belt and wound it about his lower leg and pulled it tight and pricked the bulging vein in his ankle and did not jerk off. And he cooked again and a third time when Rita said, man, you're crazy. Numb, Gene wanted the needle for another taste, but couldn't move anything but his lips slowly as he begged for it, and Rita squirted into the sink the precious junk that Gene didn't want wasted. He hung over the sink inanimate wanting it while Rita cursed him and polished the charred spoon and put the hypodermic needle away and washed the eye-dropper and replaced it with the baby's paraphernalia and carefully divided the stash in two, some for tomorrow in New York and the rest for the next few days in Philly, and we took the baby and her needs into the car to her grandmother and went on to New York.

Gene ate several sandwiches as we drove down the deserted highway, and Rita and Gene were high and wanted me to drive slower because they were worried about being hurt in an accident and being picked up by the police because Gene still had his Dollies and Rita her H. We got to New York at 4:30 A.M. and Rita stayed with Gene and Gloria in one bed while in the kitchen, the only other room, another couple from Newark and Narco slept on a cot. They invited me to stay, since I had checked out of my hotel that morning. I didn't stay with them, but went back to the hotel and awoke the same day.

I went to see Gene again. He was high on Dollies, and over a breakfast-lunch of beer and peanuts and barbecue-flavored potato chips, we talked of his recovery. "Man, you're hooked and you'd better go back to Narco before you're busted for ten to twenty." Gene answered, "I'll be clean in a week or two or I'll commit myself."

But he's hooked and I know he won't. He will talk and I will talk and he will say he will and I will know he won't, but at least I tried. So we played tennis. I beat him 6-2 and he had me 4-1 when someone

called for him. Somebody was waiting. He was doing favors for friends. Not pushing. Only helping out friends. He was high and played well. Drug addicts do function, unhappily.

THAT EVENING was tomorrow for Mike and Carol, the stripper, who had promised me that best steak dinner in town. I met them in the bar of their hotel. It was 6:30 and the men and women were beginning to mingle and Mike and Carol were a pitcher of Martinis ahead, and after two more we left for steak and more Martinis. We talked and Mike saw the world as full of cheats who conned their way through life. They were supposed to help, but they drew their checks and went home to their wives and kids and here he was still using. In truth he realized the cure was in himself, but he couldn't, or wouldn't, find it, and so he would just stay with Carol.

We went to a bar with a combo to see the tenor sax player, another alumnus of Narco. He was not using, except for Cocinol for coughs with abundant morphine, so that two bottles per day were fine and addicting, but no prescription was necessary, so it wasn't illegal.

The tenor sax was off that night, but we sat and listened to the fill-in, and they drank Martinis and I beer. Larry, also of Narco, came in. He sat down with a beer, sending his friends on to join them later. And we talked. Narco had helped him. He was clean and had been for over a year. The only one of the bunch. He had worked selling cars, but the hours were too long and now he works door-to-door hustling linoleum, which he tells people is left over from a job and is expensive and they can have it for whatever they want to pay, since he would have to throw it away anyway, and he makes up to sixty dollars on a good day and the hours are better. So will I join them, his four friends? I did, excusing myself from Mike and Carol.

I had to have another beer and while a husband asked me about the effect of the tranquilizers his doctor

A GLOSSARY OF DRUG USERS' SLANG

BREAD: Money necessary to purchase drugs.

BUSTED: Arrested.

CLEAN: Describes an addict who is not using.

CONNECT: To meet one's supplier of drugs and purchase some.

COOK: To dissolve the drug in water by applying heat.

DOLLIES: Tablets of Dolophine, a synthetic opiate frequently used by addicts to cut down their need for other drugs or to withdraw completely with minimal withdrawal symptoms.

GRAYS: Term used by Negroes to describe members of the so-called white race. They feel that whites are no more white than Negroes are black.

H: Heroin.

HIGH: Drowsy, lethargic, dreamy, relaxed, "contented" from a shot of heroin or morphine. This is in contrast to the exhilarated high that may be achieved through the use of marijuana or cocaine.

HOOKED: Completely addicted to a drug so that the addict suffers without it.

JUNK: Any kind of narcotics, but chiefly heroin since it is the most common narcotic in today's traffic.

KICK: To break the drug habit.

PUSHING: The act of selling or peddling narcotics.

TAKE OFF: To get high by injecting the drugs with a hypodermic needle or a homemade equivalent.

TASTE: A small quantity.

TURN ON: To take drugs for a high.

USING: Currently taking drugs.

WITHDRAW: To go through the process of breaking a drug habit.

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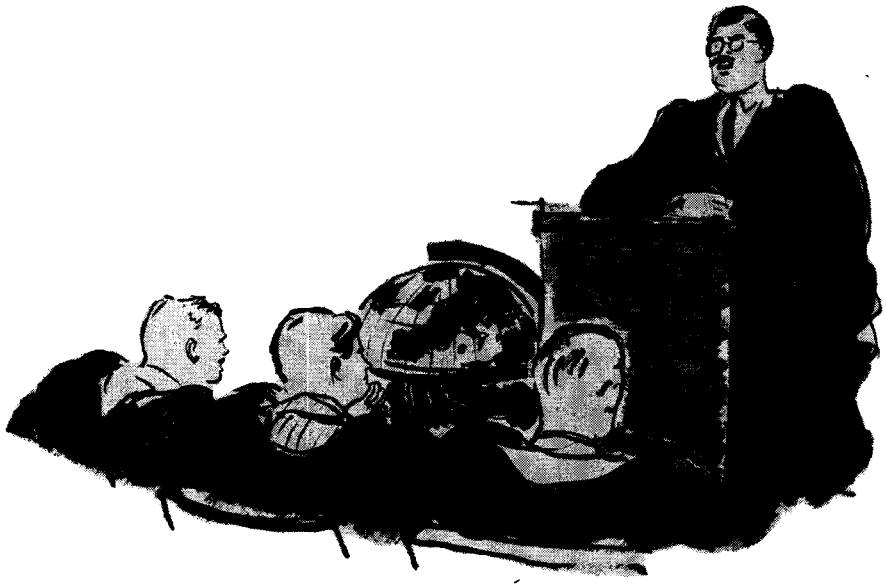
prescribed, his wife poured wine into my glass, since they take beer with port and I had to. So I did and told him that doctors did not know the full effect and side reactions of tranquilizers, just as they had earlier recommended heroin and morphine and Demerol and barbiturates, and each was good and harmful and you could buy a small bottle of heroin pills fifty years ago for twenty-five cents in any drugstore and papers advertised cures for addiction, and many housewives used laudanum to relieve the symptoms of housewifery.

THURSDAY was my last day in New York. Gene was out. He was being assigned a new parole officer and had to check in and he was going to his connection to take off before seeing the man. To bolster himself, he took a shot of heroin and he could have been violated—rearrested—but the man was nice and, please, would you mind rolling up your sleeves, and Mike rolled up his sleeves, because he did not ask please, would you roll down your socks.

Meanwhile, I spoke with Gene's sister, Gloria, and we wondered about junkies and herself and don't you get disillusioned because we disappoint you so. No, you disappoint yourselves and we keep trying. Gene should go back to Narco because he is hooked, but Gloria, you don't have to get hooked; it won't do either of you any good. I wish I was as strong as you think I am. Gloria was using, too. Using is so sad, Gloria, I said, not because of the law, and the situation using puts you in and the attitude of society and the life, but the junk doesn't really help. And I told her of our drive back from Philly and Rita and Gene high and anxious and I was clean and relaxed and it's so sad. Yes, it is, Gloria said, and we said good-by and I said let me know if I can do anything.

At eight, Gene called and I went by and saw that he had just taken off again. Gene was high and full of hope. He would go to Boston and take his Dollies and clean up and be a hit and return to Philly and . . . He was high and said what he thought I wanted to hear and what he wanted me to hear. He would stay high, and I left and said good-by and I would help in any way I could.



On Learning and Loyalty

An Englishman's home thoughts from abroad

JOHN PECK

ON THE ACCESSION of King George I there was some Jacobite effervescence at Oxford, while Cambridge presented the Sovereign with a loyal address. Authority sent a troop of cavalry to Oxford to restore order, and rewarded Cambridge by presenting it with the Bishop of Ely's library. This produced the following epigram:

The King, observing with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse, and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty;
To Cambridge books, as very well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Learning and loyalty. An interesting and significant pair, which move me to a little personal reminiscence.

In the spring of 1933, in my second term at Oxford, I was a member of the Oxford Union. At one of the debates I attended, the motion discussed was: "This house will not fight for King and country." The motion was carried by a substantial majority. Many serious historians, including Sir Winston Churchill, regarded this debate as one of the direct causes of the Second World War. Certainly it was taken by Hitler and Mussolini and by much of the free world as proof of the decadence and the lack of resolution of the British people.

I voted in that debate—against the motion. And that was about the end of my activities in the Oxford Union. Not because I disapproved of the proceedings—as a matter of fact the debate itself was on a pretty high level—but the next term was the summer term. I had to choose, being broke, between paying my Union subscription or buying a half share in a punt on the river. I confess that I plumped for the punt.

And now we can almost say: "This is where we came in." Twenty-five years later we see the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge all set to deprive Britain of the defense shield of the hydrogen bomb. We see the peace polls, the demonstrations, and the marches. We see the uneasy reactions of Britain's friends overseas, who want to believe that Britain is still great and wonder sadly if the facts are against them.

We have at least had one innova-

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tion this time. Some of the young ladies of Oxford, as you may have seen, have evidently been reading *Lysistrata*. They announced that they were withholding their favors from the young men until they renounced or denounced the hydrogen bomb. However, I am proud to report that the experiment was a failure. Not, as on the classical occasion, because the resistance of the ladies participating proved unequal to the demands upon them, but because the majority of the girls prudently recognized their own limitations, said quite simply that they preferred worrying about boys to bombs, and would have no part in anything so silly. And though this wise conclusion was reached in the home of the humanities, I have no doubt that Cambridge, either by science or logic or history or for that matter simple biology, would have achieved the same result.

NOW THIS LUDICROUS episode need not be dismissed as a joke. It is also symptomatic. Despite the most resolute efforts of the organizers of the pacifist or neutralist agitation, only a minority of the undergraduate population have adopted extreme positions. The greater part of them, either by their silence or by the very thoughtful replies they made to a series of highly tendentious questions put to them by the organizers, have proved that they are not panicking. They are *not* being stampeded into repeating the pacifist follies of the thirties. They *are* reflecting, as well we all might, on the moral, political, and strategic issues of the thermonuclear age. And a majority are reaching the very tough, very bleak conclusions that the facts of the age demand. And this experience is being repeated in Cambridge, in London, in the British universities as a whole.

At first sight it is not so easy to say the same for their elders and alleged betters. St. Paul said that a woman's glory is her long hair, and I suppose we have to say that a democracy's glory is its lunatic fringe. If so, it might appear that British democracy is at the moment going through one of its more glorious phases. But here again, appearances may be very deceptive. A distinguished American commentator the other day, introducing a television program of interviews with a fine selection of the British fringe, described the British affliction by the phrase from the famous commercial "tired blood." Well, with all respect because he is a friend of mine, you might say we need tranquilizers, cures for liverishness, and possibly the psychiatrist's couch, even deodorants if you feel that way about us, in fact almost any product of the Sunday-evening commercials, but not whatever the stuff is that cures tired blood. Please get this straight. The present effervescence in England, vain, vague, and even vicious as much of it is, is the product of some profound and very necessary searching of heart and conscience.

It is compounded of a number of things. People dislike the cold war. They are always eager to believe well of people and to give them the benefit of the doubt, even though they detest the political philosophies imposed upon them. They

hate weapons of mass destruction. They are uneasy about the implications of radioactive fallout. Londoners in particular take a poor view of rockets, since we were at the receiving end of them for the best part of a year. There is still a lot of adjusting going on to the series of humiliations in world affairs which many people feel we have been subjected to, some by our enemies and some by our friends. This all adds up to a sort of political seven-year itch.

But just as the undergraduates are not being panicked, nor are the British people as a whole. There is a sort of rhythm about these things. Something triggers off an agitation, and soon the body politic has a nervous itch which gets us all scratching. But then the solid, silent majority makes its presence felt. The voices of reason and of dignity are heard and listened to. The dazzling vistas of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land fade. We carry on much as before, except that the air is clearer. We can, I hope, see straighter, and we may dare to hope that democracy emerges the healthier for its cathartic experience.

THIS EXPERIENCE, it seems to me, is not confined to Britain. It is an essential part of a healthy democracy. Our great debate, with variations, is being conducted in France, in India, everywhere. It seems to me that public debate, self-criticism, analyses along party lines, comments upon leading statesmen, are not unknown in the United States. And very healthy, too, in both our countries, upon two conditions: the first that we recognize our difficulties, and the second that our leadership can surmount them.

First, our difficulties. It seems to occasion some pained surprise that Soviet propaganda makes headway in the uncommitted areas of the world at the expense of the West. Of course it is lamentable that so much of the world listens attentively to Russia. The advantages of a monolithic dictatorship over a dither of democracies, if that is the right collective noun, are immense. Given all the advantages enjoyed by Soviet dictatorship, the question that interests me is why they haven't done a great deal better. The answer is complex, and this is no time for a philosophic and historical discourse. But here in a series of dogmatic statements—forgive me—is what I believe.

Soviet Communism is the enemy, not of America or Britain or Europe or NATO, but of the free spirit of man. Because Communism is embodied in the policy of a powerful

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sovereign state, it has to be resisted by every available means—by the most modern weapons, by infantry; by foreign aid, by diplomacy; by alliances, by publicity. But these are the outward and expensive manifestations. Science and technology are neutral—they help impartially the tyrant and the free. What the free world needs today is to see the age-old struggle through its twentieth-century guise.

And this demands tough intellectual discipline, such as only those citizens who form the influential backbone of the nation can provide. It demands learning as well as loyalty. Learning, to enable us to see this somewhat overwhelming era in its historical context, and its problems in proportion. Loyalty—well, something larger than patriotism and less than bigotry, but a burning inward belief in the existence, and the strength, of the free spirit of man. These tough characters I have been describing do not grow on every tree. Learning and Loyalty each demands its own discipline, and free society can only prosper if it disciplines itself very strictly indeed. In a nutshell it means some damned hard work in school and probably ever after. At the risk of treading on some corns, may I say I have never understood the so-called conflict between the two theories of education, between the idea that the object is to make children work hard and the idea that the object is to produce well-adjusted, well-rounded citizens. It has always seemed to me that the happy, well-adjusted citizens are the ones who have been brought up in a strict intellectual and moral discipline.

OBJECTIVE to the end, I must tell you that we did other things as well when I was up besides preparing ourselves for the struggle ahead. And Oxford was not always, at all times, the home of the law-abiding. As late the early sixteenth century lawlessness abounded in Oxford, students organized robber bands, juvenile delinquency was evidently rife. And as that great historian Trevelyan observes, the culprits were rarely caught, and when they were they usually suffered no worse punishment than to be sent to Cambridge.

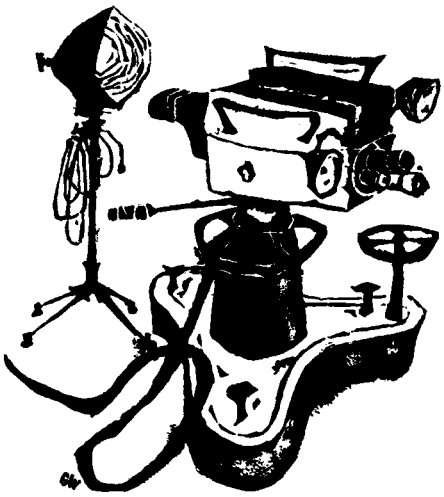
MOVIES

Très Fatigué

JAY JACOBS

WIT, perspicacity, irony, balance, style, the characteristics of the French film at its best, are conspicuously absent from the two latest Gallic imports: *Heroes and Sinners* and *The Mirror Has Two Faces.* The former, a clumsy pastiche, is set in a newly autonomous African state and has little to offer but noise, sweat, and tears.

The plot has to do with a couple of Second World War fighter pilots: a Frenchman with twenty-eight confirmed kills (Yves Montand, who is a ringer for Joe DiMaggio after a hitless double-header), and a Luftwaffe



veteran with thirty-five victories to his credit (Curt Jurgens). Both these gentlemen are having trouble—to understate the matter—adjusting to the less heady atmosphere of civilian life. M. Montand, who has fortuitously—and illegally—come by a valuable packet of uncut diamonds, checks into a flyblown hotel run by a race-baiting former collaborationist (Jean Servais), and, while awaiting an opportunity to convert his loot to cash, effects a liaison with the innkeeper's mistress (Maria Félix), a doxy.

This dalliance is interrupted by the arrival of Herr Jurgens, a no-nonsense type whose mission it is to relieve M. Montand of his little nest egg and restore it to its rightful owners. After a number of thwarted attempts to leave town with his swag, M. Montand convinces his tormentor, during a Yuletide orgy of *Weltschmerz,* that they are both being persecuted by the world at large, and that it would be to their mutual advantage to pool their talents, sell the diamonds, and set up an airline with the money. The German no sooner agrees than it is learned that the hotelman has heisted the booty. In the ensuing chase, which takes place in a reedy wetness of some sort, Herr Jurgens takes a proper mauling, M. Montand's girl friend is assassinated, M. Servais drowns, and the diamonds are fed to the fishes.

In its country of origin, *Heroes and Sinners* was called *Les Héros Sont Fatigués.* So, I'm afraid, are the heroine, the villain, and everyone else connected with this enterprise except the bit players and extras. *They* jig and caper tirelessly, pummel drums incessantly, and generally set back the cause of the Negro actor about fifty years.

THE SECOND IMPORT, *The Mirror Has Two Faces,* is an improbable record of the trials and tribulations of a putatively unmarriageable young woman who, after resigning herself to spinsterhood, *is* married, to a provincial schoolteacher of a stupidity so colossal as to have a touch of grandeur about it. The lady in question is unwanted, we are told, because she is decidedly not pleasing to the eye. The fact is that, even wearing a Bourbonic putty nose (of by no means Cyranesque proportions), Michèle Morgan is easily as attractive as at least forty per cent of the happily married women one meets.

In any event, the schoolmaster (Bourvil), who, for reasons that are never satisfactorily explained, is in the market for a plain wife, woos

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and wins our unhappy heroine, and proceeds to make life thoroughly tedious for her. Just as she has pretty well resigned herself, for the second time, to a dull and unromantic future, hubby is smashed up in an auto accident for which the other driver, a plastic surgeon, holds himself responsible. The latter (Gérard Oury), while ministering to his victim, takes a long hard look at Mlle. Morgan's salient profile, decides that nature has done her dirt, and convinces her—over her husband's objections—that the matter should be rectified in his surgery. While a soap commercial wouldn't have been surprising at this juncture, it was somehow omitted and the story plunges on into its thickening plot.

As you have doubtless guessed, the operation is a complete success (it even seems to have altered the color of her hair), and Mlle. Morgan turns out to be a real smasher. Her husband, now fully recovered, gets an eyeful of his transformed little woman and flies into a tantrum, convinced that, as a direct consequence of her nose pruning, he is destined to sprout horns. He refuses to share her bed, camps out in his study, and turns to Jean Barleycorn for solace, while she, now ripe for *le beau monde,* gets to be quite a partygoer. A climax of sorts is reached when our heroine comes home from a dance to find that her mate has packed their two children off to the country with his mother. Mlle. Morgan decides at this point that she has emphatically had it, and elopes with her sister's husband, who, as it happens, has been having a rough time of it with *his* spouse. Our masochistic pedagogue, having at last received the cuckolding he so richly deserves, murders the plastic surgeon; and his wife, her maternal instincts suddenly aroused, breaks off the affair with her brother-in-law and returns to accept a presumably dull and unromantic future taking care of the kids.

Mlle. Morgan does what she can to make all this plausible. Bourvil, a popular comic in France, wrings a few chuckles out of the early reels, but, once that operation is performed, behaves as though his co-star has cut off her nose to spite his farce.

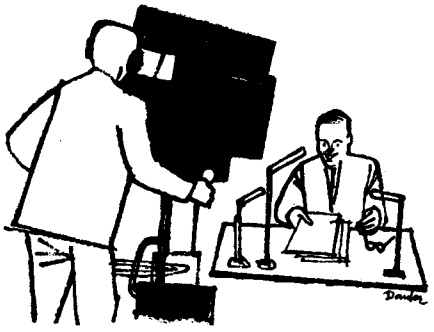
PRESS

Seeing Is Not Believing

MAURICE SCHONFELD

THE HANDOUT itself is nothing new. Handouts are blurbs, publicity pieces put together by public-relations men anxious to grab free space for a client. In the past they have generally consisted of a Mimeographed or printed dispatch, and, if the subject was suitable, a few glossy photographs. Since the coming of TV, wealthier clients have taken to including sixteen-millimeter newsreel prints as part of their standard release to television stations, and many of the stations have proved susceptible to these blandishments.

Television news is the public-service end of an entertainment-oriented medium. It does not pay its own way,



and since it strives to keep costs down, it is led to limit the scope of its own film coverage. When a newspaper editor wants to cover a story, he assigns a reporter who probably earns about $125 a week. To cover the same story, a television assignment editor would have to assign not only a cameraman but perhaps a reporter, a sound man, and an electrician too. The cameraman earns about $250 a week; the sound man and electrician each costs more than $140. As an added worry, every time the editor covers a story he must pay the cost of his raw film, the cost of developing that film, and the cost of screening it. As a natural consequence, the editor assigns few small stories. He wants to be sure that everything he films will be used. Since news, by definition, is something that happens less often than things that are not news, he very often winds up covering the embers of four-alarm fires and the arraignment of murder suspects.

INTO THIS SITUATION steps the public-relations man, trailing his roll of sixteen-millimeter film behind him. Gentlemen, he says, let me solve your problem, let me give you film coverage of a newsworthy event. The newsworthy event generally turns out to be in the interest of one of three prime film suppliers: the U.S. government, large industrial concerns, or private pressure groups.

By far the largest single supplier is the government. The Defense Department and the individual branches of the service immortalize on film every new weapon added to America's arsenal. Missiles, jet planes, tanks, atomic cannon, and flying jeeps pass in an endless celluloid stream across the screens of the cutting rooms of all the major film suppliers.

The United States Information Agency rarely supplies film to domestic television, because its primary aim is to plant handouts in foreign newsreels. However, when Vice-President Nixon was stoned in Lima, many U.S. film suppliers were caught without film, and the USIA supplied coverage to all needing it. Both Defense Department and USIA films are usually newsworthy, but they discourage independent coverage of the same events. This leaves the government the option of releasing stories showing successes and withholding stories showing blunders.

The second major source of handouts is private industry. The aircraft industry emulates the Defense Department. Manufacturers of planes regularly provide films of test flights and record attempts—to be released only if the attempt is successful. The auto industry used the handout in its wage-contract negotiations last year. After Walter Reuther asked for

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a profit-sharing plan, the Ford Company supplied film coverage of a biting rebuttal by Henry Ford II.

One large airline found a special use for the handout. Expecting that last Christmas's airline strike would be settled quickly, it shot a film of one of its planes taking off and supplied it to most of the nation's TV stations. When the strike did end, the stations were able to use the film as they announced the news and thus make it clear to the viewers that the airline was flying again.

But it is in accepting film from private pressure groups that television departs radically from newspaper practice. The Federal Communications Commission has a rule forbidding television stations to show film on controversial subjects that is supplied by an outside source unless the source is credited. However, this rule leaves much to the conscience of the station, especially in reference to the definition of "controversial." Some stations did not even regard the Kohler strike as controversial, and when the National Association of Manufacturers supplied film of the Senate investigation of the strike they ran it without crediting the source. This was too much, and in the only case of its kind so far, seven Midwestern stations were reprimanded by the FCC for showing the film.

BY FAR THE FINEST television coup to date was achieved by the Rockefeller campaign managers in last year's New York gubernatorial election. The Rockefeller campaign people volunteered to cover their candidate's campaign for TV. Almost every day for the last four weeks of the campaign, film was supplied to all of the state's twenty-four television stations. In New York City every station that used news film used Rockefeller's—not all of it, but enough to make the Rockefeller expenses worthwhile. Rockefeller's major benefit, of course, was that he got much more "exposure" than did Averell Harriman. But there was a whole host of fringe benefits.

First, when the unexpected happened, a cameraman was there to record it. One night while Rockefeller was campaigning in New York City's Spanish Harlem, a group of his Puerto Rican supporters, enthusiastic over his ability to speak their language, boosted him into the air and bore him down the street, and a TV camera was right there.

Second, when a campaign stop turned out bad, there was no need to take a picture. In the early days of the campaign, Rockefeller did very poorly in Italian neighborhoods. There was no Italian in a top spot on the G.O.P. ticket and Rockefeller suffered. His rallies were ill attended and his man-in-the-street greetings were coolly received. A Rockefeller propaganda film could not be expected to show such scenes. It did not.

Third, the Rockefeller campaign director could call his shots. When the candidate went to visit Mrs. Fiorello La Guardia, the cameraman accompanied him. He made sure to frame Mrs. La Guardia and her visitor under a picture of the "Little Flower." Then he proceeded to cover their long and seemingly friendly chat. Two days later Mrs. La Guardia announced that, as was her wont, she would vote the straight Liberal Party ticket, including a ballot for Averell Harriman for governor. The announcement was carried in the back section of the New York *Times*. The vast majority of television viewers never heard of it. Anyone who saw the pictures could justifiably infer that Mrs. La Guardia would vote for Rockefeller.

Fourth, and most important, the supplier of the film edited it. At the height of the campaign, Mr. Rockefeller attended the Alfred E. Smith memorial dinner. This is a much more than less Democratic affair given for the benefit of Catholic Charities. Mayor and Mrs. Robert Wagner were there, James A. Farley was there, and of course very much in evidence was Averell Harriman. But Mr. Harriman was in evidence only in person. In the film he never appeared. The cameraman had done his best; even in the uncut version Mr. Harriman was rarely seen. By the time the film was edited he had vanished completely. Mr. Rockefeller was shown arm in arm with Jim Farley and deep in conversation with the Wagners. Any impression the viewer might have that this was a dinner of tribute to Smith at which Nelson Rockefeller was practically the host, and to which he had invited such good friends as Farley and the Wagners, was actively encouraged, if not engendered, by judicious cutting of the film.

TELEVISION STATIONS and their news directors must take the responsibility for the success of this latest propaganda technique. Of course television news is poverty-stricken, but at least it owes its viewers the right to believe what they see.

Television's responsibility is even greater than the newspapers'. The newspaper reader knows that what he reads has been funneled through a reporter and an editor. He has at least some reservations about it. On television the viewer has the illusion that he is seeing for himself, that this is the way it was, this is the way it *really* was. If the viewer saw the Rockefeller films as part of a G.O.P. commercial, he would at least have some healthy skepticism toward them; he would know they had a point of view. On a news show, he accepts them as honest representations of what actually occurred.

Unless television news suddenly changes course, or the FCC acts to bar all campaign film from news shows, the 1960 election will be a movie-maker's dream. Supplying handouts just for the candidates at the Democratic convention could keep all the film makers in Manhattan's West Fifties in business; and, if the finals feature two such wealthy and photogenic candidates as Senator Kennedy and Governor Rockefeller, the resulting footage will make "Gone With the Wind" seem like a short subject.

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RECORDS

The Invisible Stage

ROLAND GELATT

CARLO GESUALDO has had a certain claim to fame for more than three centuries, but usually as a bizarre character rather than as a composer of substance. He was an Italian prince—a contemporary of Caravaggio, Monteverdi, and Shakespeare—who had the misfortune to marry a lady of too-loving disposition. This lady, one Donna Maria d'Avelos, had already enjoyed two husbands before Gesualdo entered her life. The first died suddenly, after three years of marriage, as a result—says a contemporary chronicler—of his "having too often reiterated with her in conjugal lust." The second, more prudent, sought and obtained a papal annulment to avoid a similar fate. Donna Maria was twenty-one and Gesualdo twenty-six when they married. For a while the lady seems to have been reasonably content with her composer-prince, but in time her eye began to rove once more and the young Duke of Andria found his way to her bed. One night in 1590, Gesualdo caught them *flagrante delicto* and had them murdered on the spot. Later he murdered his infant son as well, having begun to doubt the child's paternity. Gesualdo paid no formal penance for these deeds, but he seems ever after to have been a death-haunted soul and in his later years he turned increasingly to religion.

ALL THIS makes for lively reading in comparison with the uneventful lives led by most composers, and until recently Gesualdo has been more storied than performed. Now he is enjoying a renaissance as a composer, chiefly as the result of American initiative. An American Fulbright student has exhumed many forgotten Gesualdo scores from Italian archives, and American musicians and recording companies have been bringing his music to general attention. "Exhumed" is per-

4 PROGRAMS DEVOTED TO RESPONSIBLE TALK ON TV

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haps an inappropriate word, for there is nothing at all dusty or antiquated about this music. Gesualdo was the most radical harmonist of his time, and he has a richness and freshness that must be heard to be believed. No twentieth-century master of orchestral kaleidoscopy—not Ravel or Strauss or Stravinsky—has made more brilliant combinations of sonorities than Carlo Gesualdo did 350 years ago with five unaccompanied voices.

A recent stereo recording directed by Robert Craft (Columbia MS 6048) makes a fine introduction to Gesualdo's music. Another Craft-conducted Gesualdo collection appeared a year or so ago and earned the approbation of such luminaries as Stravinsky, Krenek, Boulanger, and Dallapiccola. The new one is even better, thanks in part at least to the new recording medium (stereo does wonders for unaccompanied group singing by spreading the voices apart and letting each line of polyphony float in space). Craft feels that "the masters of *our* contemporary music have given us the scope, the technique, the ears and the sensibility" to perform and follow Gesualdo's daringly chromatic, dazzlingly dissonant idiom; and it is significant that he relies on the same singers for Gesualdo as he did for his earlier recording of the complete works of Anton Webern. They perform here in deft balance and with marvelous trueness of pitch. Even listeners ordinarily unresponsive to "old" music should taste the stimulating immediacy of these rediscovered madrigals.

ERNEST NEWMAN sets forth in *Wagner As Man and Artist* a penetrating appreciation of that composer's pictorial powers:

Each scene is so bathed in its own appropriate light and color, and strewn with its own peculiar shadows, that the music itself, apart from the scenic setting, is eloquent of the place and the hour of the action. In Wagner's music one is conscious not only of the locality and the person and the race: one can almost tell the time of day. . . . So it comes about that without any tone-painting in the ordinary acceptation of the word, Wagner succeeds in bringing the visible universe before our eyes in a way and to an extent that no other musician has done.

The pictorial conjuration that Newman describes so eloquently is nowhere more palpable than in *Das Rheingold,* the music drama that opens the *Ring* tetralogy. Its range of locale is tremendous. Wagner transports us to the eddying waters at the bottom of the Rhine, to the murky subterranean cavern where hordes of Nibelungs forge Alberich's gold, and to the pristine, noble battlements of Valhalla atop a rocky cliff. Its dramatis personae is equally diverse: mermaids and giants, gods and goddesses, the sniveling dwarf Mime, the crafty, mercurial Loge, and the key figure of Alberich evolving psychically from mere lovesick longing at the beginning of the work to embittered, warped fury at the end. All this the music evokes with high mastery. No scenic painting,

no costumes, no stage lighting and machinery could possibly equal the pictorial and psychic suggestiveness of Wagner's music-making. It follows, then, that *Rheingold* should come across well on records. And it does, as a new stereo recording of it (London OSA 1309) magnificently demonstrates.

We have had to wait a long time for *Das Rheingold;* this is the first complete recording of it ever to be undertaken. But the wait has been worth while. Pre-stereo recording techniques could not have coped successfully with *Rheingold's* huge instrumentation—or put its singing actors in anything simulating natural perspective. Now we can hear the great Wagnerian orchestra spread out in reasonable clarity, and we can follow the action of singers as they move about on stereo's imaginary stage.

This *Rheingold,* however, is not merely a triumph of sonic engineering. It is, as well, a more accomplished and finished musical-dramatic performance than we are likely ever to experience in the opera house. London Records spared nothing in assembling the forces for this recording: the Vienna Philharmonic at full complement (augmented with eighteen anvils for the Niebelheim scene and with seven harps for the Rainbow Bridge passage) under the direction of Georg Solti; George London as the still somewhat youthful Wotan; Kirsten Flagstad as Fricka (she learned the part for this recording); Gustav Neidlinger, a Bayreuth regular, as Alberich; Set Svanholm as Loge; and a host of other well-known artists in the smaller but still important roles of Fasolt and Fafner, Donner and Froh, Mime, Erda, the Rhine Maidens, *et al.* Incredible as this may seem, there is not a weak link in the enormous chain; every principal and every secondary artist sings and plays as if this were the most important performance of his career.

TOWERING above all is the phenomenal sound, reproduced as never before: the unique Wagnerian compound of divided strings and burnished brass; the cumulative power of the long-sustained E-flat introduction as it builds from the deep rumble of eight double basses into the full orchestra's swirling flood; the charm of the Rhine Maidens as they dart from one side to the other, eluding Alberich's grasp; the massive glory of trumpets, trombones, and tubas as they give forth for the first time the stately Valhalla motive; the almost surrealist transition from the second to the third scene, dominated by the clink of busy anvils; the melting ascendant string passage that heralds Freia's return; the clearing of the mist in Scene 4, culminating with a tremendous thunderclap; the magical and eerie final effect as the Rhine Maidens chant from far off in the distance while Loge, Wotan, and the orchestra discourse closer at hand.

This is clearly one of *the* great opera recordings.

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BOOKS

In Praise of Robert Lowell

ALFRED KAZIN

LIFE STUDIES: NEW POEMS AND AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENT, by Robert Lowell. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.50.*

Robert Lowell's poetic style has been marked by a peculiar force, one that might well have been called violence but for its learning, bookishness, and nostalgia for traditional order. In the book that made him famous, *Lord Weary's Castle,* he wrote with the precision of passion, he cut his phrases as fine as Braille; but between the elegantly turned tumult of style and the invocation of Catholic glory and order, he was saved not only from violence but also from confronting his own past too directly, from getting too close to rude experience. The formal beauty of his style was extraordinary. Yet shaken as I was by *Lord Weary's Castle,* I felt that Lowell had not only learned (or intuited) a style from reading many books, but that this same rapid and mountainous eloquence had kept him chaste before life, had saved him from some more necessary and desperate encounter with himself. There was something clingingly literary about the tone of these strong poems, as there was about his going to prison during the war as a Catholic conscientious objector. He seemed to be more intense about life than intimate with it.

Life Studies is a remarkable book precisely because Lowell has had the wit—or is this simply the virtue of his imagination?—to face his past and to strip his style without sacrificing its native elegance. It is the book of an absolutely first-rate talent; and what is so rare, it is a *book,* not an arrangement of poems. It includes a prose autobiography, "91 Revere Street," that presents all the personal themes developed in the poems, and in itself is the vividest example that I have seen in years of how witty, light, seemingly negligent, and always controlled the prose of a really gifted poet can be.

Robert Lowell is a . . . Lowell, and comes out of the heart of Lowell country—Beacon Hill. His memoir, though acerb and wise and tender, has above all that extraordinary subtlety of upper-class commentary on itself (something you don't find in so good a book as *The Late George Apley*) that is possible to Americans who don't really know anyone beyond themselves but who have the gift of experiencing and expressing their own situation to the depths. It is this that made Henry Adams, with all his pretentiousness, such a marvelous autobiographer; Robert Lowell has only, poker-faced, to write "In 1924 people still lived in cities" for us to know exactly where we are. The Lowells bought 91 Revere Street ("looking out on an unbuttoned part of Beacon Hill . . .") because the poet's mother wanted to get her husband out of the Navy, and a civilian address was the opening wedge, since the commander of the Boston Navy Yard disapproved of his officers' living in town. "My mother felt a horrified giddiness about the adventure of our address. She once said, 'We are barely perched on the outer rim of the hub of decency.' "

The portraits of Lowell's parents are superb in their ease and suggestiveness. The mother "was hysterical even in her calm, but like a patient and forbearing strategist, she tried to pretend her neutrality." The father, a kindly and dim naval engineer, seems always to have been under attack by forces more articulate than himself. "By the time he graduated from Annapolis, he had a high sense of abstract form, which he beclouded with his humor. He had reached, perhaps, his final mental possibilities. He was deep—not with profundity, but with the dumb depth of one who trusted in statistics and was dubious of personal experience." The hand of conventional expectation in Boston was heavy on Brahmin boys enrolled at birth in St. Mark's. "We were darkly imperiled, like some annual bevy of Athenian youths destined for the Minotaur. And to judge from my father, men between the ages of six and sixty did nothing but meet new challenges, take on heavier responsibilities, and lose all freedom to explode."

THE POEMS open with a meditation on Rome in 1950 that catches the nervous sense of other people's grandeur that the American is likely to feel in Europe—and that also catches the poet's romantic disillusionment and Boston self-enclosure:

> There the skirt-mad Mussolini unfurled
> the eagle of Caesar. He was one of us
> only, pure prose. I envy the conspicuous
> waste of our grandparents on their
> grand tours—
> long-haired Victorian sages accepted
> the universe,
> while breezing on their trust funds
> through the world.

The regret that Mussolini was "one of us/only, pure prose" seems to me a revealing expression of that over-literary inflation which Lowell learned from Ezra Pound along with Pound's dash and speed. But the conscious wit of the poem is remarkable, far more controlled and poised than such set pieces in Pound's *Cantos.* Just as Pound so often reminds one of Browning, so Lowell seems, through Pound, to have gone straight back to Browning.

It is 1950, the year of the dogma of the Assumption, and Lowell catches the excitement and density of the Roman crowds, the memory of the dead idol:

> The Duce's lynched, bare, booted skull
> still spoke.
> God herded his people to the *coup de*
> *grâce*—
> the costumed Switzers sloped their pikes
> to push,
> O Pius, through the monstrous human
> crush.

It is this vividness, the energy and texture of each image, that is Lowell's distinct achievement. He specializes in pace, in eloquent vertigo, in stylizing the communion with self that is the essence of dramatic monologue, and I can't think of any poet of his generation who has polished the dramatic sense, rare enough, to such acuteness. One of his favorite words is *jack-hammer,* and there is a similar intimation of strength in all his lan-

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guage, like the lash of the sea images in his earlier book, that comes through even in isolated bits. Marie de Medici speaks after the assassination of her husband, Henri IV:

And so I press my lover's palm to mine;
I am his vintage, and his living vine
entangles me, and oozes mortal wine
moment to moment.

The poem on Eisenhower's first inauguration reproduces the leaping verse of Hart Crane:

The snow had buried Stuyvesant.
The subways drummed the vaults.
I heard
the El's green girders charge on Third,
Manhattan's truss of adamant,
that groaned in ermine, slummed
on want . . .

but ends with a steely passage that Crane could never have held up:

Look, the fixed stars, all just alike
as lack-land atoms, split apart,
and the Republic summons Ike,
the mausoleum in her heart.

But beautiful as these opening poems are—the soliloquy of Hart Crane, the address to Santayana in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, and others—my greatest pleasure in this book is in the "life studies" proper. Here Lowell has achieved the nakedness toward which all good poets yearn—freedom from the suffocating traditions of fine style that in our day have again overcome poetry. When I first saw these intensely personal, brilliantly candid poems about mental breakdown and marital dolor, I was not able to imagine how natural the whole group of them would look in a book. Any good writer will learn to trust his inner impressions, but in a relatively minor poem like "Memories of West Street and Lepke," it is the cross-stitch and variation of line that gives Lowell's "new" simplicity its exhilaration. As a conscientious objector in jail, Lowell saw the "T shirted back" of Lepke, the Czar of Murder, Inc.

there piling towels on a rack,
or dawdling off to his little segregated
cell full
of things forbidden the common man:
a portable radio, a dresser, two toy
American
flags tied together with a ribbon of
Easter palm.
Flabby, bald, lobotomized,
he drifted in a sheepish calm,
where no agonizing reappraisal
jarred his concentration on the
electric chair—
hanging like an oasis in his air
of lost connections . . .

The vividness, picture after picture, is striking. Lowell describes his father, who, leaving the Navy, drifted from job to job, and every time he lost a job bought a better car:

but his best friend was his little black
Chevie,
garaged like a sacrificial steer
with gilded hooves,
yet sensationally sober . . .

Lowell's mother died in Italy, and he relates how the body was taken home for burial in the States. "Mother travelled first-class in the hold;/her *Risorgimento* black and gold casket/. . . In the grandiloquent lettering on Mother's coffin/*Lowell* had been misspelled LOVEL./The corpse was wrapped like *panetone* in Italian tinfoil." Even a poem about life in a mental hospital has this typical wit, the ease and neutral tone with which Lowell speaks of "These victorious figures of bravado ossified young." But the poem ends, unforgettably, on the lines "We are all old timers,/each of us holds a locked razor."

In these poems twentieth-century poetry comes back to its great tradition as plain speech; comes back, in Pasternak's phrase, "to its sister, life."

An Unproductive Debate

WILLIAM LETWIN

BASIC FACTS ON PRODUCTIVITY CHANGE, by Solomon Fabricant. *National Bureau of Economic Research, Inc. $1.*

DECISION-MAKING AND PRODUCTIVITY, by Seymour Melman. *Wiley. $7.*

The modern "scientific" style in labor relations has industrialists and union leaders preparing for each wage negotiation with a spate of public announcements. The case is tried in the court of public opinion almost before the litigants have decided on the issues. In keeping with this modern and improved procedure, the Steelworkers and the steel companies have recently indulged in an elaborate display of educational messages, intended to prove that the sponsor alone has the public's true interest at heart. Each party has demonstrated conclusively that steel prices rose because of the other party's arbitrary actions, that either wages or profits are artificially and unjustifiably swollen. In these formidable technical contributions to public enlightenment, much has been made of productivity, and both parties have claimed it as an ally. The companies demonstrate that wages have been raised much faster than productivity; the union demonstrates that wages lag far behind profits, productivity, or both. If, despite the admirable supply of figures and arguments, the audience is left baffled, it is no great wonder.

Luckily for the public's peace of mind, some economists have also attempted in a disinterested way to help resolve the dilemma about productivity. One of them, Professor Solomon Fabricant, an officer of the National Bureau of Economic Research, has written a brief and clear statement on productivity, summarizing the results of the most authoritative research on the subject. Though it neither settles nor tries to settle the issue between employers and unions, it does a great deal to illuminate the subject.

Mr. Fabricant begins, as scholars do, by considering the problem in the abstract. He first defines productivity; it is "a measure of the efficiency with which resources are converted into the commodities and services that men want." He then outlines the perplexities that arise as soon as measuring actually starts.

It is difficult to assess the value of the mixed bundle of resources that go into a process of production, and not less difficult to evaluate the weird assortment of commodities and services that come out of it. The labor that goes into the production of a ton of steel, for instance, consists of many different qualities of work,

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ranging from sweeping and cleaning to tool designing. To say that ten hours of the former and ten hours of the latter add up to a total of twenty hours of labor is to indulge in misleading economics. A process that uses a few hours of highly skilled labor may be less efficient than one that uses much more unskilled labor; in any event, twenty hours of labor tells little about the intrinsic efficiency of the labor or how efficiently it has been set to work. Besides, the presence of machinery and other capital in the productive process creates delicate problems of how to add together labor, machine time, skill, and inventories. Measuring inputs in terms of their monetary costs overcomes some of these difficulties but also introduces a whole new family of ambiguities to plague the investigator. Similar problems affect the measurement of the value of the output.

MR. FABRICANT'S recital of the difficulties should make his readers wary of accepting any loose general statement about productivity, as should also the discrepancies he indicates between the numbers that result from different methods of measurement. For instance, the average annual rise in American productivity between 1889 and 1953 was 2.3 per cent, *if* productivity is measured for the "entire private domestic economy" by "physical output per unweighted manhour" (an unweighted manhour being sixty minutes of anybody's labor). But if productivity is estimated by measuring a different set of perfectly respectable dimensions (too complicated to be defined here), then it rose by only 0.7 per cent. This difference, somewhat greater than threefold, might trouble an observer trying to determine the rights and wrongs of a labor dispute in which each contestant insisted on using his own measure of productivity.

What bears most directly on the labor problem, however, is Mr. Fabricant's statement on the relation between productivity and wages. His chief conclusion is that real hourly wages have risen since 1889 about as rapidly as the product per manhour, and that wage rates have risen much faster than the rates of return on capital. This is, from one stand-

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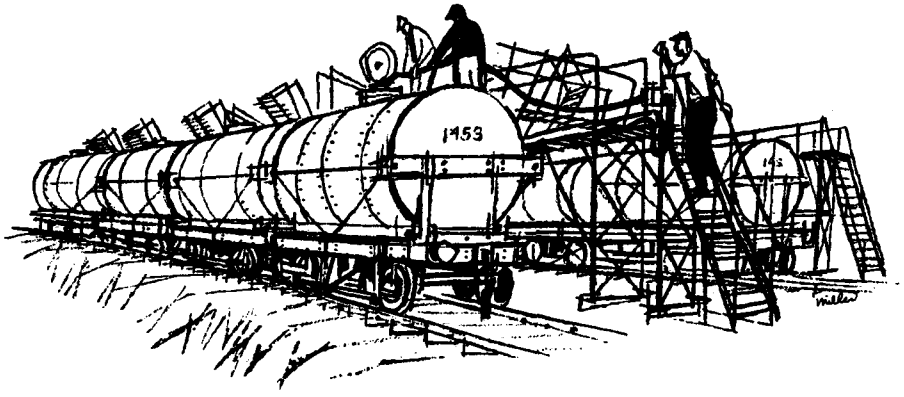
point, surprising. It might have been expected that since the increased productivity has been due to the increasing use of machinery and other capital goods, the return to capital should have risen accordingly. That it has not done so is explained in part by improvements in the quality of labor, in part by the fact that capital, having accumulated more rapidly than the supply of labor, has become relatively plentiful and therefore cheap. In short, workers' earnings have increased with their skills, but more markedly than their skills; the bonus has been made possible by the rapid introduction of new capital. It appears that capital and skill do at least as much as unions to raise real wages.

THE HOPE nevertheless persists in some quarters that unions can by their own cleverness or determination vastly increase labor's share in the community's income. In its most quixotic form, this is the hope that by "militant" effort—that is, by raising wages suddenly and extremely—a union can force management too to make more money. The workers at the Standard Motor Company in England have, so Professor Seymour Melman believes, accomplished just such a feat of universal benevolence. But the evidence, as he presents it, need not be interpreted in his way.

The union contract at the Standard works has two features that help explain why the system has functioned so well. Pay scales are determined by a basic wage rate to which are added bonuses that vary with output. Moreover, the individual worker's bonus is not determined by his own individual efforts; instead his bonus depends on the output of the work gang to which he belongs. The effect of the bonus provision, quite naturally, is that workers have an incentive to produce; the effect of the calculation of bonuses by gangs is that each worker has some incentive to make his colleagues do their share in what has become a joint effort. The result, Melman reports, is that "all the workers are production conscious and co-operative."

Employers have long recognized the usefulness of incentives to production. Piecework rates are an ancient device, long objected to by unions for being speed-up devices. Now, however, unions have begun to abandon their old hostility to piecework rates and to sponsor them willingly, even though the new learning has taught them to speak of "production bonuses" rather than piecework. And the gang system, which invites each worker to speed up every other worker, could not possibly survive if management instituted it. Had the initiative come from above, the scheme would be labeled tyranny; introduced from below, workers may feel that it expresses the height of democracy. Being all psychologists nowadays, we know that a scheme of industrial organization works well or badly not because of what it is but because of what the participants feel it is. "Who thought of it first?" may have more bearing on output than "How much does it benefit me?"

If, therefore, the union has made the Standard Company successful, it has done so largely by establishing a system of incentives that managements have at times wanted, and always might have wanted even though they did not dare ask for it. Needless to say, the workers too have benefited from this system of mutual policing.



Mr. Melman believes, however, that aggressive wage demands explain much of the success. He argues from the assumptions that when unions raise wages, the high wages induce management to replace labor with capital, and the introduction of capital raises productivity per man-hour. He concludes that this rise in the productivity of labor enables management to pay the higher wages. The assumptions are valid, but the conclusion does not follow.

What Mr. Melman has altogether overlooked is that the capital introduced to offset high labor costs must itself be paid for and that this payment must come out of increased production. It may be that the higher output will more than pay for the cost of the added capital. Where this happens, labor has some reason for maintaining that the profit should go to workers, whose wage demands have hectored a reluctant management into increasing the efficiency of its operations.

BUT THE ASSUMPTION that unions can always increase efficiency simply by insisting on wage increases is unfounded. The result may just as easily be a decline in output and also in wage payments (as distinct from wage rates). High wages may induce the industry to move to a region where equally skillful labor is cheaper—the textile industry has been shifting to the South. High wages may lead to gradual extinction of a domestic industry faced by foreign competition—the United States buys an increasing percentage of its bicycles abroad. Or high wages may cause a company or a whole industry to disappear, if the costs that result even after the introduction of labor-saving devices exceed the price that consumers are willing to pay for the product—household help is a rapidly disappearing service.

The fundamental flaw in the doctrine of aggressive wage demands is the unfounded belief that labor primarily earns its wages at the bargaining table rather than at the assembly line. But wages and profits and the standard of living in general are more apt to rise because of increased production than because of increasingly wily contentions about productivity.

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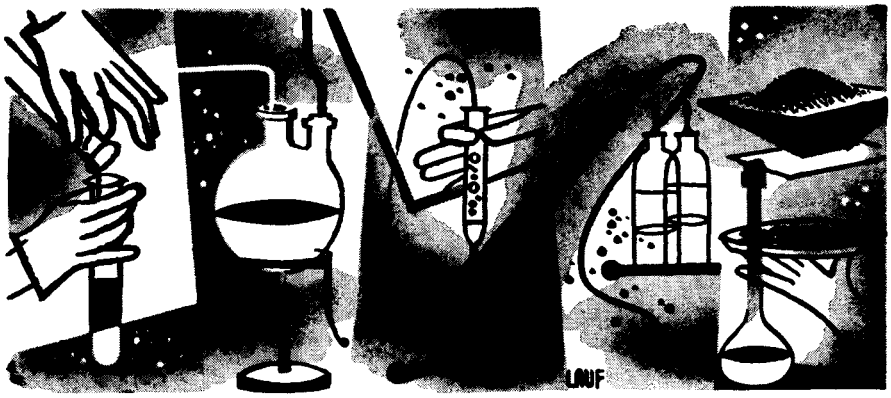

Survival of the Unfittest

ROBERT BINGHAM

THE MIRAGE OF HEALTH, by René Dubos. *Harper. $4.*

At one point in an otherwise informative newspaper column by Max Lerner about this alarming book, which questions some of the basic postulates of current medical practice and research, the title somehow got garbled and came out *The Miracle of Health*. The typo's gee-whiz tone certainly conveys the more familiar contemporary attitude toward medical science; perhaps some kindly printer was trying to save the author from being burned at the stake. For as Dr. Dubos himself realizes quite clearly, "It is true that faith in the healing power of ancient gods has somewhat weakened, but faith itself has lost no ground to reason. Men want miracles as much today as in the past." So who would dare to doubt that if we will only sacrifice a few more million dollars on the altar of research to bring forth a few more wonder drugs, we'll all live forever?

A brilliant bacteriologist whose textbooks are used in all the best medical schools, Dr. Dubos is nonetheless a heretic in the temple of modern medicine. Among the theses he has nailed to the door for all to ponder is a suggestion that the mystical faith shared by both laymen and practitioners in the efficacy of antibiotics (to whose development his own contribution is widely recognized) may be both exaggerated and ultimately dangerous to human health. If the pious cite actuarial evidence of increased life expectancy in our time, Dr. Dubos replies that the greatest statistical factor has been a marked decrease in infant mortality, the main credit for which must be given to improved sanitation and nutrition rather than to new drugs. But let him speak for himself; a witty Frenchman whose erudition and command of his adopted language extend well beyond the confines of a laboratory, René Dubos stands in no need of popularized interpretation:

"Health is purchasable," proclaimed one of the leaders of American medicine. Yet, while the modern American boasts of the scientific management of his body and soul, his expectancy of life past the age of 45 is hardly greater today than it was several decades ago and is shorter than that of many European people of the present generation. He claims the highest standard of living in the world, but 10 per cent of his income must go for medical care and he cannot build hospitals fast enough to accommodate the sick. He is encouraged to believe that money can create drugs for the cure of heart disease, cancer, and mental disease, but he makes no worth-while effort to recognize, let alone correct, the mismanagements of his everyday life that contribute to the high incidence of these conditions. He laughs louder than any other people, and the ubiquitous national smile is advertised ad nauseam by every poster or magazine, artist or poli-

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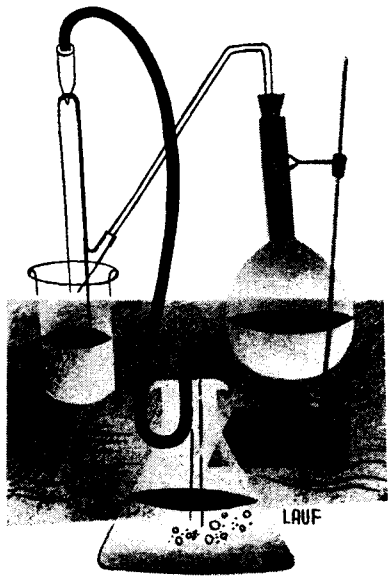
tician. But one out of every four citizens will have to spend at least some months or years in a mental institution. One may wonder indeed whether the pretense of superior health is not itself rapidly becoming a mental aberration. Is it not a delusion to proclaim the present state of health as the best in the history of the world, at a time when increasing numbers of persons in our society depend on drugs and on doctors for meeting the ordinary problems of everyday life?

ALTHOUGH DR. DUBOS is careful to understate his case rather more than the strength of his evidence would seem to require, his book is nothing less than an attack on the theory, held sacred since Pasteur's time, that germs alone cause all infections. "Thus," he writes, "while many types of microbes can paralyze, starve, or bleed their victims, and are endowed with the power to kill them within a few days or a few years, it is also true that the same microbes are usually harbored for a whole lifetime by normal, very ordinary citizens, who are not even aware of being infected and who—for all we know—may derive some unrecognized benefit from their infection."

In other words, practically all of us are infected but very few of us are actually sick. Drugs may kill the bugs, but that doesn't prove bugs are the only or the principal cause of disease. Dr. Dubos supports his argument on this score with an epigram: "While drenching with water may help in putting out a blaze, few are the cases in which fire has its origins in a lack of water." Furthermore, epidemics, like fires, have a tendency to burn themselves out. Take tuberculosis: in 1845 at the height of its virulence the death rate was about 500 per 100,000 of population, but by 1945, after a century during which "the few therapeutic procedures that were available had but limited value and reached only a very small percentage of the tuberculous population," the rate had fallen to 50. We now have drugs that can knock out tuberculosis for an individual patient with a few mighty punches, but for nearly all Occidentals the bacillus was already pretty groggy. As much as nature abhors a vacuum, she seems to adore an ecological equilibrium, and she is constantly working out compromises so that warring species can survive by altering each other's composition through attenuation and the development of natural immunities. In his own research at the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. Dubos infects *all* his mice with the same doses of disease germs in order to evaluate the other environmental factors—whether they be emotional, nutritional, or biological—that give the bugs the upper hand by upsetting the delicate and constantly changing balance we are pleased to call health.

OF COURSE anybody who is saved from T.B. is not apt to think that the miracles of modern drug therapy have been exaggerated. And Dr. Dubos himself has said that if he were in private practice (his own M.D. degree is one of the rare honorary ones) he would not hesitate to prescribe antibiotics to cure an individual patient. But the Hippocratic Oath cannot free the practitioner from what Dr. Dubos calls the most acute ethical problem of medicine today. The results of our direct interference in what used to be regarded as the immutable laws of nature are still largely unforeseeable. Even if we stop the staphylococcus epidemic that has developed as a by-product of the excessive dependence of antibiotics in hospitals, we are tempting fate by our arrogant efforts to exempt ourselves from the necessity for biological adaptation. Accepting the fact that "it is part of a doctor's function to make it possible for his patients to go on doing the pleasant things that are bad for them—smoking too much, eating too much, drinking too much—without killing themselves any sooner than is necessary," Dr. Dubos believes that physicians, drug manufacturers, and research scientists must also consider the consequences their actions may have for the community as a whole.



In the first place, tragically inappropriate optimism may blind us to the new dangers that are always sure to appear. Throughout history, Dr. Dubos argues, healers have congratulated themselves on their successes in controlling epidemics—which were probably affected much more by the work of amateur or even accidental reformers in improving hygiene, sanitation, and nutrition—just when a new epidemic of filth was about to strike. The dangers today are fairly obvious: "We have eliminated some of the greatest and most obvious contaminants of food and drink; but we poison our atmosphere, and endanger future generations as well, with the gasses of chemical processes, the smoke of factories, the pulverized rubber and exhaust of motor-cars, and man-made radiations." Since the publication of his book, Dr. Dubos has expressed a conviction that over the next few decades man-made radiations may present less environmental hazard than machine-made smog. And no one has even thought of setting up a Committee for a Sane Pulmonary Policy.

BUT IN THE LONG RUN our greatest medical danger may lie in our most widely praised medical successes—not our exaggerated successes in controlling disease epidemics but our successes in saving and prolonging the lives of the least fit among us, principally the infirm aged and the constitutionally defective infants. The difficulty is not made any easier by the degree to which society hallows the right of each individual to multiply his hereditary weaknesses through reproduction. Dr. Dubos proposes no solution to this overwhelming ethical crisis in modern medicine. He merely points out that ". . . humanity faces a state of affairs which is without precedent in the biological world . . ."

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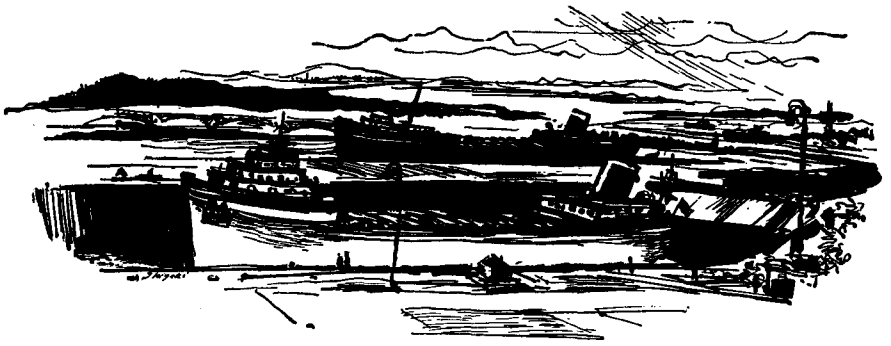

A Middle Eastern Chiang?

JOSEPH KRAFT

THE SOVIET UNION AND THE MIDDLE EAST, by Walter Z. Laqueur. *Praeger. $6.*

Walter Laqueur calls his book "a first attempt to review and examine critically Soviet views on developments in the Middle East since 1917." It is a claim of staggering modesty. For Mr. Laqueur treats a theme of the first importance: Communist penetration of the Arab world. As a savant of Soviet affairs with broad experience in the Middle East, he speaks with the authority of a two-eyed man in the kingdom of the blind. And he presents a thesis that is at least unorthodox.

The conventional view credits the Russians with great and continuous gains in the Middle East, achieved thanks to great sagacity. Mr. Laqueur finds that they entered the field late, misjudged situations radically, and missed opportunities by the score. "It was surely a riddle how the Tudeh could possibly fail to make more progress," he writes of the Iranian Communist Party, and the same riddle applies throughout the Arab world. Great as the gains have been, the Russians so far have exploited only a fraction of the possibilities.

AT ALL TIMES the Middle East was a fair field for Communist advance. There was general poverty, spiritual chaos, feeble administration, and "an overwhelming wish to defy the West." Between 1918 and 1920, Communist Parties were founded "in every major Middle Eastern country." But the Russian interest fixed only on Northern Tier neighbors—Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan. For the rest, "Readers of the Soviet press could be forgiven for reaching the conclusion that events in Ireland, and even Luxembourg, were as important as developments in . . . the Middle East."

With the Soviet Union's neighbors, Communist policy was to support reforming strong men—Kemal in Turkey, Riza Shah in Iran, and Amanullah in Afghanistan. By 1928, the strong men, become intractable, were persecuting the local Communists, and Moscow shifted its sights, applying in the south the lesson learned up north. In Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Iraq, local Communists were ordered to wage war on "bourgeois nationalists." As a result, the economic crisis of the 1930's found the Middle Eastern Communists a hopeless minority, isolated and out of touch with nationalist aspirations. "All the ingredients of a revolutionary situation . . . were present but one. . . . Communism failed because it did not have the very minimum hard core that makes it possible to exploit a revolutionary situation."

By 1936, Hitlerism was casting its shadow afar, and Moscow, groping for a common front with the West, ordered its Middle Eastern vassals to co-operate with Arab nationalists favoring the British and French against the Italians and Germans. Far from winning friends, the new line cost the Communists the support of the radical Arab nationalists, of whom the great majority were "attracted by Hitler's Germany, Mussolini's Italy, and a militaristic Japan." "The military defeat of the Axis powers" thus became a prerequisite for Communist success all through the Middle East. "It could be said that the way to Cairo and Damascus led via Rome and Berlin."

Even when the way was open, Andrei Zhdanov's emphasis on ideological purity and Stalin's bent for "sharpening conflicts" closed the Communist door on Arab leaders. Only in 1955, with Khrushchev's acceptance of a middle belt of neutralism, could Arab nationalists turn hopefully toward Moscow—a thing they have done since with a vengeance. Communist Parties have become the largest and best-organized political groupings in Syria and Iraq. More than half of Egypt's exports go to the Soviet bloc. Most Arabs look on Russia as a chief diplomatic ally against Israel and credit it with forcing expulsion of the British and French after the Suez attack. Everywhere in the Arab world a "pronounced pro-Soviet cultural climate" has emerged.

THE PRINCIPAL DIFFICULTY now facing Moscow lies in restraining zealous local Communists so that penetration may proceed in an orderly way across a broad front. The one setback sustained by the Soviets over the past four years came in Syria in 1957, when the local nationalists, alarmed at Communist progress, initiated union with Egypt. At present, rash action by the Iraqi Communists could alienate the rest of the Arab world. For Moscow's main chance is Egypt, "the most important Arab state," where lack of land and raw materials combines with a "population explosion" to make "basic economic difficulties insoluble."

Mr. Laqueur points up the invulnerability of the Arab masses to economic pressures, and warns against reasoning by historical analogy. Still, from his pages on Colonel Nasser there arises a familiar figure: an ambitious soldier, modern in outlook, nationalist by instinct and conviction, waging an activist foreign policy, sometimes with and sometimes against the Communists, but never able to master his country's domestic ills or to infuse new vigor and life into its provinces. It is the figure of a Middle Eastern Chiang Kai-shek.

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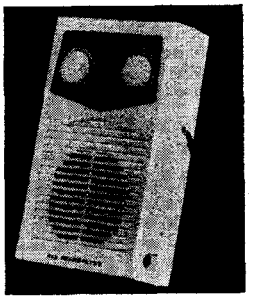

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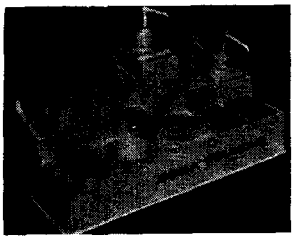

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BOOK NOTES

MEMENTO MORI, by Muriel Spark. *Lippincott. $3.95.*

In America we call old people senior citizens. In Britain they write relentless comic novels about them. The young ne'er-do-well son in this story is fifty-seven, and all the other important characters are over seventy. Yet Mrs. Spark has presented people whose lives—private and social—are still sufficiently intact to permit the interaction of desire, ambition, folly, courage, and even lust. What age has cost them in diminished energy and health, it has repaid them, variously, in wisdom or sophistication or practiced skill at meddling and malice. Furthermore, family being what it is in Britain, most of them control the money and have acquired a certain power through threatening changes in their wills. Some use the will threat as a means of perpetuating their effect on the young while others seek feeble sexual encounters. But all, in the course of the novel, are forced to accommodate themselves to the idea of death and to make, if only to themselves, some account of their lives. The plot centers about an anonymous telephone caller who eventually reaches all of the main characters to tell them only "Remember you must die." Their reactions range from calm acceptance to pretense that it didn't happen to a bristling determination to take practical measures ("Really, Henry, it is time there was a question in the House"). Mrs. Spark, while working out an entertaining if bizarre plot, manages at the same time to present another dimension; for when the reader finally closes the book he has also become aware of the story of these people's lives together some fifty years before, when most of the loving and hating began that continues to take its toll.

THE STATESMAN, by Henry Taylor. *Mentor Books. 35¢.*

Sir Henry Taylor achieved fame in his lifetime with a poetic drama, *Philip van Artevelde,* published in 1834 and now mercifully forgotten. Two years later he brought out his little masterpiece, *The Statesman,* which did little more than raise a few eyebrows. The explanation, according to C. Northcote Parkinson (of Parkinson's Law fame) in his preface to this new edition, is that it was "a work of satire published at a period when only earnest and improving literature was in demand." The main thing wrong with this theory is that *The Statesman* is not a work of satire at all. As Sir Henry put it in his autobiography: "The work contains commentaries upon official life and the ways in which men may best be managed and administrative business conducted; and, in so far as the official and unofficial life occupy a common field, it looks indirectly into the ways of the world." Inevitably, any candid look into the ways of the world will possess a certain tartness and irony; and it is the presence of these qualities that makes *The Statesman* so immensely readable. What makes it an instructive as well as a pleasurable book, however, is the wisdom and insight Sir Henry gained in his years in the Colonial Office. One can think of more than a few Presidential aspirants who could with profit ponder his pragmatic precepts. E.g.:

The mode of flattery which, being at once safe and efficacious, is the best adapted to the purposes of a statesman, is the flattery of listening. *He that can wear the appearance of drinking in every word that is said with thirsty ears possesses such a faculty for conciliating mankind as a syren might envy.*

A public man's career is affected by what is broad, manifest and universally understood, and not by circumstantial justifications.

Any point of style is to be avoided by a statesman which gives reason to suppose that he is thinking more of his credit than his business . . . His style, therefore, though it should have the correctness and clearness which education and practice impart to the writing of a man of good understanding, should not evince any solicitous precision beyond what may be due to exactitude in the subject matter, much less any ambition of argument for its own sake, and still less of ornament or pungency in like manner gratuitous.

GREAT TRAIN ROBBERIES OF THE WEST, by Eugene B. Block. *Coward-McCann. $5.*

Mr. Block's chronicle, which chugs along at a pace better suited to a history of the Long Island Rail Road than the lively subject he has chosen, is devoted to the exploits and comeuppances of a number of old-time hoods whose activities, for better or worse, constitute a small part of the American heritage. Train robbery in the years of its inflorescence (roughly, the half century ending in the early 1930's), seems to have been a rather formalized art, and its history, in the hands of an unimaginative narrator, tends to get pretty monotonous. Illustrations might have helped, but are lacking. Mr. Block frequently leaves the throttle untended while he lectures on the futility of crime.

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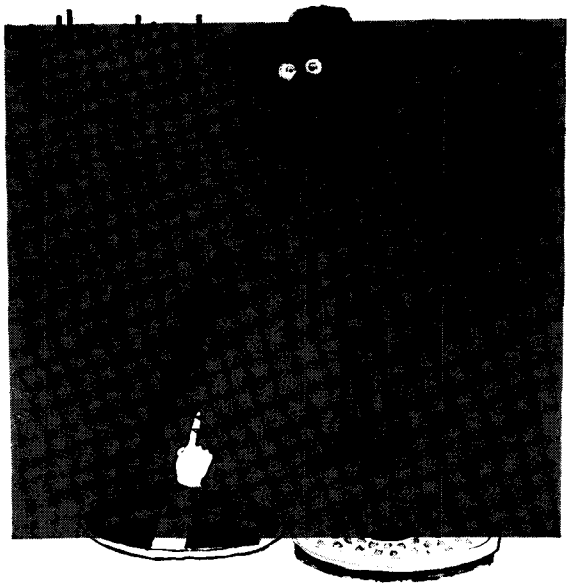

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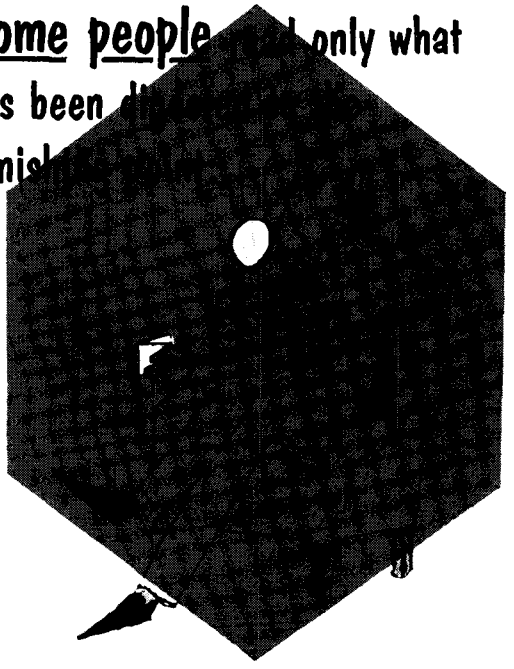

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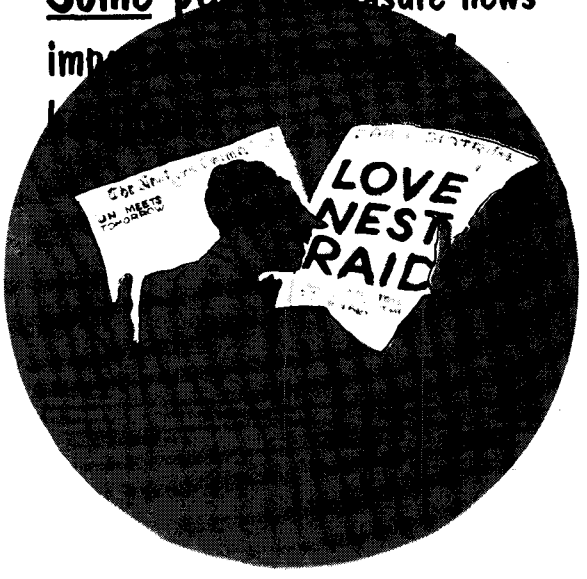

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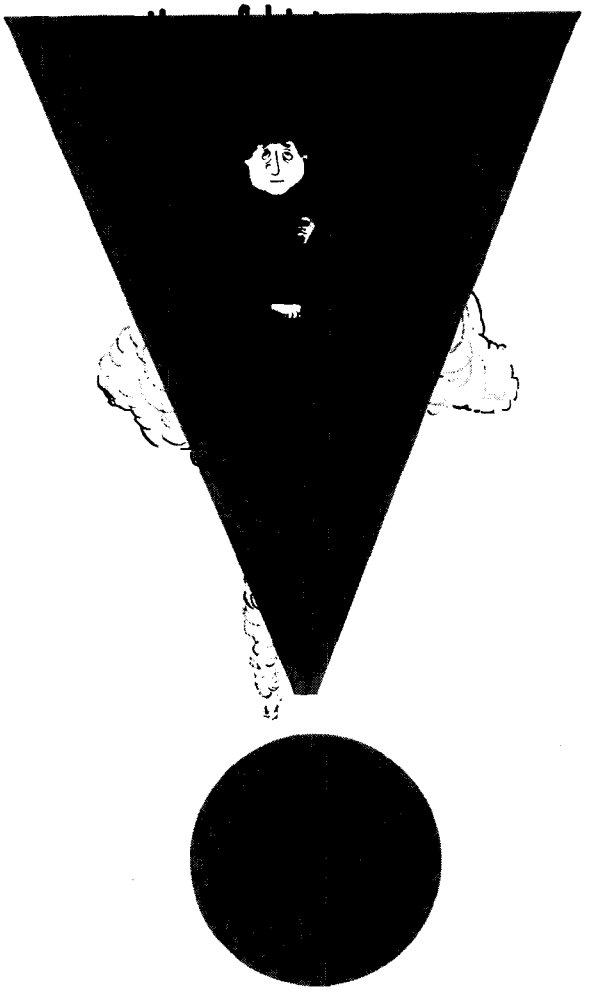

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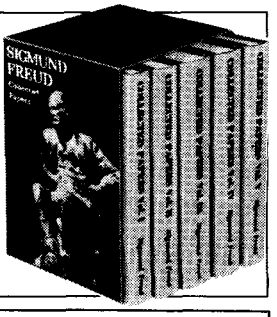

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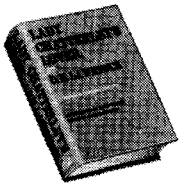

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